

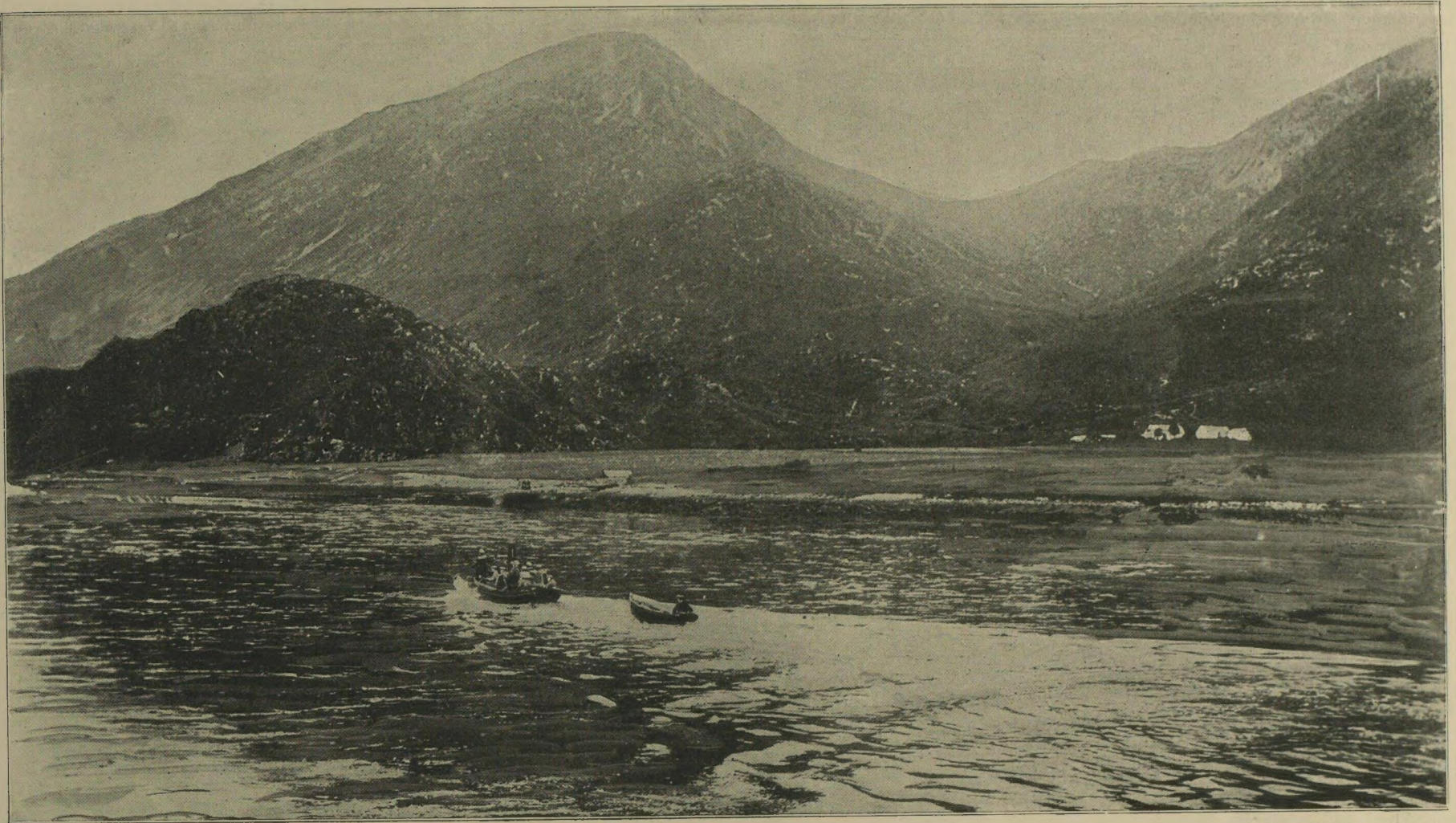
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



THE KING IN SCOTLAND: HIS MAJESTY, IN HIS NEW STEAM-LAUNCH, PROCEEDING TO A DEER-DRIVE IN MAMORE FOREST.  
PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY MR. E. B. FLEMING.



THE KING IN SCOTLAND: HIS MAJESTY LEAVING THE HEAD OF LOCH LEVEN FOR MAMORE FOREST.  
DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY MR. E. B. FLEMING.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Lord Kitchener is remarkable in several ways: chiefly as a public man with a great deal to say who does not say it. As most of our public men have little to say, and say it at enormous length, and with that iteration which has an expressive adjective in front of it, Lord Kitchener's peculiarity is worth a moment's thought. His mouth is shut by the Constitution—that disorderly bundle of makeshift precautions against imaginary dangers to the liberties of the people. He is the one man whose candid opinion on the military resources of this country, in view of past blunders and future contingencies, is worth having. We cannot have it because it would make the poor old Constitution shriek with terror, and threaten the democracy with the tyranny of the sword. If Lord Kitchener were to tell us fully and exactly what our best soldier thinks about the national business of soldiering, no citizen could sleep quietly in his bed. We should have visions of England, land of freedom, gripped by a military despotism. Has not the Constitution provided us with a Parliamentary oracle, a painstaking civilian who speaks out of the richness of inexperience? Is there no War Office, admirably designed to discourage any bloodthirsty idea that our resources are organised to strike blows and not to receive them?

In a few weeks the Commander-in-Chief of the Army in South Africa will sail for India, where he will be as effectually isolated for some years from our public affairs as if he were making a prolonged stay with the Grand Lama of Tibet. Before leaving us to the wisdom of Parliament and the War Office, he cannot unfold all that is in his mind; but he can drop a very significant hint. Addressing some of the Yeomanry who had fought in South Africa, he intimated plainly that it was the duty of every able-bodied Briton to serve his country in arms. This does not mean conscription; it means that Lord Kitchener has a lively recollection of the recruits who were sent to South Africa without the slightest knowledge of their business. They could neither shoot nor ride, and had to be trained in the presence of the enemy. If every able-bodied Briton were accustomed to the use of arms, then that "voluntary patriotism of a free people" which, as we are assured by Mr. Chamberlain, must serve us in lieu of conscription, would be competent as well as willing. Instead of hasty levies of men who can neither ride nor shoot, we should always have a large force of civilians grounded in the elements of soldiering, and fit, by rapid training, to supplement the professional ranks. Mr. Chamberlain cannot mean that the "voluntary patriotism" is to remain uneducated, trusting blindly to the chance that in the next ordeal the enemy will give us time to pick up a little useful knowledge. There is only one way for the free people to take a practical interest in the matter, and that way is indicated by Lord Kitchener.

This is plain even to those singular persons who protest against the "cant of efficiency." I find the very journal which haughtily informed the "man in the street" that if he could not teach efficiency to the Ministers of the Crown he had better hold his tongue—I find this sagacious print strongly rebuking the Government for neglecting to furnish the "man in the street" with the means for personal service to his country. What encouragement do rifle-clubs receive from the War Office? What steps are taken to provide ranges and ammunition? The official theory is that these things belong exclusively to private endeavour, as if the defence of the country were merely your private affair and mine, outside of military routine. Lord Kitchener's proposition that the able-bodied Briton should be ready to take up arms is of the utmost public urgency, and needs every stimulus of persuasion to make it good. Naturally it is a summons which the War Office is in no humour to obey. After stumbling complacently through the war, the Department feels that it has earned repose; and to be called upon to initiate anything so novel as the organisation of voluntary patriotism is an outrage on its overworked sensibilities.

The truculent prophet who signs himself "P. S." is again busy with our downfall, which is to be effected by a coalition of three or four Great Powers within the next ten years. When they take the job in hand it will last about six weeks. "P. S." says that we bought a disgraceful peace by "cringing" to the Boers, an opinion which will surprise their Continental friends. He is angry with us because we ought to have ensured to the Afrikanders forty years of British protection for the consolidation of their strength; instead of which we can give them less than ten years, and then they will be swallowed up by "the Germans or the Yankees." I like "P. S." for the freshness of his imagination. Most prophets repeat themselves with wearisome fluency. Mr. Steyn's physician has arrived in Holland from South Africa with a brand-new list of British atrocities. We hear for the first time of the officer who captured a flock of beautiful pigeons and picked out their eyes. The *Handelsblad*, which prints these stories, does not think much of them, and warns its readers against "hearsay evidence." This is rather unkind to Mr. Steyn's physician, who is laudably eager to make new flowers

of fancy bloom in an overcultivated garden of romance. There is a tale of thirty thousand sheep which were locked up in a burning church and roasted alive. Why sheep? Why not women and children? Mr. Steyn's medical man is ingenious, but too modest.

It is not pleasant for a dramatist to find himself charged with deliberate immorality, and I do not wonder that Mr. Pinero has resented the imputation. That it should have been made by a very experienced writer is not a little surprising, for speculation as to the motive of a dramatist requires considerable circumspection. I should be inclined to regard Mr. Pinero as a severe and almost savage moralist. He is the last man to be suspected of a desire to minister to a craving for debased sensation. As to the moral effect of a play which deals truthfully with human character, it is useless to expect agreement. Some people condemn "The Gay Lord Quex"; others regard it as a just and forcible satire. Those who condemn it are generally found to object to any representation of depravity in the modern drama. They deny the dramatist's right to use such material, even with the best intention. We have had the same controversy over "Monna Vanna," and M. Maeterlinck is quite genuinely astonished to find this denounced as an immoral play. His astonishment is shared by many who cannot possibly be charged with conspiracy to demoralise the theatre. They simply claim for the dramatist a greater freedom than the others are willing to concede; and the dispute, which is endless, is not illuminated by a critic who lays down the extraordinary proposition that every playgoer knows whether he and the playwright are or are not "on the side of the angels."

There was a time when the drama was thoroughly immoral, when Jeremy Collier inveighed against the Restoration comedy, worsted Congreve, and reduced Dryden to penitence. There was no possibility of mistake then about the angels. But in our day English playwrights of high standing do not invite a reincarnation of Jeremy Collier. They simply provoke the inevitable discussion as to the province of the drama and the limits of realism. The Licensor of Plays is not of much service in the delimitation of moral frontiers. He is a subject of perpetual amazement, both on account of the plays he authorises and of the plays he vetoes. It is impossible that his office should please everybody; but it has champions. One of them assured us lately that the Censor is the guardian, not of decorum, but of the peace. Without him the theatre would be given up to riot. Who would be the rioters? What class of opinion would stir the pit to violence? A peer once stood up in the stalls and mildly protested against Tennyson's stage portrait of an agnostic. I do not think the pit would trouble itself about agnostics, or that any playwright would dream of giving it occasion for philosophical rancour. The only serious riots the London theatre has ever known were caused by an injudicious manager who raised his prices. Nowadays an audience may be restless and even noisy; but that is because the play is dull. The abolition of the Censorship might contribute to dullness rather than to daring, for the playwright would feel timid without the sanction of the Licensor, who, although not piquant himself, seems to be the cause of piquancy in others.

Some pessimist, writing in the *Monthly Review*, says there is no colour in London. "In our cities the colour in our skies has gone; it has been smudged out of tree and shrub." And yet I sit on a chair in the Park every afternoon and feast my eyes on a sward that is greener than any in Surrey. We have had no summer; but just for that reason every spot of verdure, untouched by the glare of an August sun, retains a peculiar richness in these cool autumn days. Seldom has London known such freshness and clearness of atmosphere; and the foreign visitor, taught to believe that we dwelt under a yellow pall and call it heaven, has not been slow to express his surprise and pleasure. The pessimist should have kept his depressing picture for November. Then we might have given a serious consideration to his scheme for painting the town red.

"I do not advocate," he says, "that all the houses in each parish should be painted the parish colour all over; but the front door and area-railings might bear the parochial colours." I confess with shame that the colours of my parish are unknown to me. But I do not see why the Royal Mail and the letter-boxes should monopolise the most cheerful hue. Let us paint our front doors and area-railings red, my brethren; and if any parochial objection be raised, let us vote only for those vestrymen who will support this policy. Red is not merely gay; it is convivial. Spread it over the parish, and you will see a notable change in the manners of the people. Instead of that austere reticence which strikes the foreigner so unfavourably, they will exhibit an open-hearted fellowship, a jovial sportiveness. But the colour scheme must be thorough. As the gentleman says in the *Monthly Review*, "an insufficient treatment is sure to be spotty and irritating"; so any citizen who is unwilling to conform to the prevailing scarlet must be visited and coerced by a merry committee of house-painters. I foresee much entertainment in this branch of parochial business.

## "TORE OUT."

"Old Bill Nix 'as been took," said the Carter. He stood, wrapt internally in meditation and externally in the evening mist, by the garden gate leading to his cottage.

I paused, rather glad of an excuse to rest. "What's the matter with Nix?" I asked, for I know the old man, and see him at work on some part of the Marsh Farm whenever I go down there in search of a hare in the long grass or a wild duck in the rushes.

"Tore out," said the Carter, sternly and bitterly. "We're all bein' tore out, an' 'is time's a-come. Down on the Mush yestre'en 'e 'ad a fit; 'e's 'ad fites before o' late, so they've took 'im."

"To Maychester?" I ask.

"Ay," replies the Carter, "to th' Union."

The cottage door opened, and a voice summoned the Carter to his supper. "Will you come in an' rest a while?" he said. "Th' carrier will be bringin' summat to th' Rectory, and 'll pass in an hour an' less."

I went in with him, glad to put my gun in a corner and take off a coat with heavily laden pockets. The Carter's wife gave me a civil good evening, and offered me a chair by the fire; she put his simple supper of vegetables before her man and went upstairs.

The Carter, eating slowly and deliberately, took up the thread of his conversation after telling his boy to mark the approach of the carrier.

"Nigh fifty year Bill Nix 'as worked on th' land," he said; "my father an' 'im worked long side o' th' Mush Farm wen they was no bigger than my own Bill. 'E were a 'mazin' strong man so I've 'eard, were old Bill Nix, an' 'e never married. Wunnerful afride o' th' Union 'e were. 'Tweren't no use tryin' to save wen wages were eight or nine shillin', an' th' Lookers sold the stuff."

"What do you mean," I said; "I thought the Looker was just the farmer's overseer?"

"So 'e be," said the Carter, looking intently at a potato speared upon his big two pronged fork; "but th' Lookers in these parts don't go strite. Every Saturday th' Looker goes up street, buys stores, sugar, tea, bacon, bread, goes back to th' Mush and sells it at a profit. That 's wot kep' Bill Nix from saving."

"But why didn't he go into Maychester himself," I asked, "instead of letting the Looker go for him?"

"'Tain't no case of lettin', tain't likely," said the Carter. "Wen I fust went on the Mushes, I tried to do th' same. I said to th' Looker I'd get my own vittles, an' he tells me wunnerful strite as 'ow I might find another job same week as I tried it. I asked my mates, an' they told me th' same thing; th' Looker buys, buys bad an' sells dear, cuss 'im!" added the Carter, bringing his hand heavily down on the table.

"What are the wives doing," I asked.

"On the Mush Farms there's a very few wi' 'em," answered the Carter; "they be mostly single men. Wen a man gits a wife, or wants for to git one, 'e goes up street, an' if 'e finds a likable young woman, 'e looks for a job up on th' land."

"How old is Nix?"

"'E wur fifty-far," replied the Carter; and I could not help noticing that he spoke of the man as though he were dead. It is the custom of Landshire to reckon the men claimed by the Union among the great majority.

"Only fifty-four?" I asked, recalling the bent back, the grey hair, the tottering gait of the old man. "He looked more than seventy!"

"Ah," said the Carter, "that 's becoss he were tore out."

I looked unconvinced, and he resumed.

"A man can't last long on 'eavy land; 'e can't last long on bad food; 'e can't last long on storms and raines. 'E starts off wunnerfully 'eadstrong like, when 'e's a lad; carries two sacks agin' 'is own father's one, an' wen 'is work's over like 'e can go up street an' take a glass or sing a song. Goes on like that for a few years, an' then, though 'e's still most a boy, 'e can't carry two sacks—one's enough. 'E's content to sit agin' th' fire when 'e gits 'ome, goes up street once a week instead o' three times, an' that on a Saturday night. So it were wi' old Bill Nix, so it were wi' my father, so it is wi' me. I'm gittin' tore out, an' another ten or twelve year will see me done with. Some gits took to th' Union, some 'as better luck."

"Your father?" I asked.

"Drown-dead," said the Carter solemnly; "drown-dead in th' flood year. Couldn't swim, and was took with seventeen sheepes; 'e were th' shepherd. An' amazin' glad 'e'd 'a been if 'e'd knowed about it, seein' 'e fair dreaded th' Union. That 's wot Bill Nix said after 'e'd 'ad 'is fites. 'Wot 'av I come round for?' 'e sez, sez 'e. 'Wot 'a you brot me back for?' 'e sez. 'Better dead now I can't wark,' 'e sez, wunnerful riled-like. An' they took 'im off. An' one day wen I can't plough me acre, they'll take me off, tore out; an' young Bill 'e'll 'aye to go too."

"Cheer up!" I said; "you have three boys; they'll keep you out of the Union."

The Carter shook his head. "If a man 'as a bit o' land," he remarked with quiet conviction, "the land'll keep him, wi' sons or wi' no sons. If 'e 'as a land, six sons won't be no use to 'm, to my thinkin'. Cos why? Cos they've all their work to keep themselves, an' they've got to be tore out, too, in their turn."

"It is quite a hopeless case for the workmen on the land?" I asked him.

"I'm not sayin' that," he answered. "I've knowed them that 'a saved money. They've been men on th' upland farms wot wittles theirselves goin' up street late of the Saturday nights an' buyin' scraps an' leavin's. Like that a man saves money. I've knowed one; 'e saved nigh hundred an' sixty pound in tharty year."

"He didn't go into the Union, then," I said.

"No," said the Carter; "'e just died o' fever down in th' Mush one winter. 'E were nothin' more nor skin an' bone, sort o' miser like. 'E 'ad a 'orror o' th' Union, an' 'e didn't go there. But 'e had no wife an' no family to claim 'is money, so it did no good to nobody. Nobody 'ere knows 'ow it was done with. 'E were tore out, too; there's no keeping from it. Ah, there's th' carrier."

S. L. B.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "CHANCE THE IDOL," AT WYNDHAM'S.

"Chance the Idol," the new play of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's, just produced at Wyndham's Theatre, is no philosophic thesis-drama, as its title might suggest, treating, like M. Capus's "La Veine," of the theory of luck: the only chance on which its personæ wait is the chance of the tables, and they voice no special doctrine. The English playwright merely offers a slight story of Monte Carlo gambling—a story of suspense and excitement, a story of a young woman who tries to make a fortune at the Casino, so as to purchase from a deserting lover of some social position his fulfilment of a broken promise of marriage. The temporary success and ultimate failure of her ambition, which the author does his best to make laudable, provide the play with one or two sensational thrills, and give it a certain air of sustained interest. But the emotional strength of the piece has to depend on a succession of rather uncomfortable scenes, in which the heroine must push her claims to marriage; and as her lover is a weak, backboneless creature (a bankrupt gambler) who prates of wanting to do the right thing, and squirms abjectly, there is involved at once an impression of monotony and a lack of culminating dramatic situations. Mr. Jones tries to strengthen his thin scheme by introducing a *raisonneur* cripple, who endeavours, with much vehement rhetoric, to dissuade Ellen Farndon from risking her small fortune; and a hesitating grande dame, who in consideration of the heroine's being able to pay her nephew's debts, agrees to an engagement, and then because she finds Ellen a desperate gambler, withdraws her consent. But this pair again are always repeating the same speeches and the same behaviour. Naturally, in such a play, which ends with Ellen Farndon going home and finding consolation with her child, no great acting chances are afforded. Miss Lena Ashwell, whose best art and most affecting intonations are not called into requisition, renders the heroine's appeals with plangent earnestness. Mr. Graham Browne makes the lover duly weak and uncomfortable. Mr. Esmond gives a note of conviction and authority to the deformed *raisonneur*, and Miss Sergeantson shows hardly sufficient distinction in the rôle of the grande dame, who is ever for long consultations. "Chance the Idol," however, kept its first-night audience thoroughly entertained and attentive.

## "LA DAME AUX CAMELIAS," AT THE ADELPHI.

At the Adelphi Theatre "Magda," played as American melodrama, has given place to "La Dame Aux Camélias," and the change shows the limited powers of Miss Nance O'Neil to a little better advantage. In her new rôle the self-assertion of the actress is abandoned and her mannerisms of stilted phrasing and abrupt pauses are kept in abeyance. Instead she adopts a quiet, subdued manner so uniformly that her performance is a monotone of tearful melancholy. Miss O'Neil, indeed, weeps only too easily, and would in old days doubtless have been credited with the virtue of sensibility. Since, therefore, her rendering of the sorrows of the younger Dumas' sickly and sentimental courtesan has no glaring faults and certain quite affecting moments, it should appeal to that large public that likes "a good cry." But as for putting any blood or colour into Dumas' anæmic heroine, as for making the audience forget the artificiality of Marguerite Gautier's speeches; as for breathing any vitality into the play's dreary insincerities—these tasks demand the genius of a Bernhardt to accomplish, and are not even attempted by the young American tragedienne.

## "THE TOREADOR" AGAIN AT THE GAIETY.

Rendered all the fresher by the brief holiday-making of its spirited interpreters, all the more entertaining, if increase of its attractiveness could seem possible, by additional songs, dances, fun, and mimicry, "The Toreador" is once more installed at the Gaiety Theatre, and there is no reason why this, the merriest of Mr. Edwards's many musical comedies, should not prolong indefinitely its already lengthy run of four hundred performances. Amongst the new "turns," the wonderful dances done by Mr. Fred Wright, and the motor-car travesty, drolly conceived by Mr. Grossmith junior and Mr. Edmund Payne, reach the customary standard of Gaiety excellence.

## "NAUGHTY NANCY," AT THE SAVOY.

Musical comedy may seem strange fare to find provided at the home of Gilbert and Sullivan opera, but when, as in the case of the piece now presented by Miss Kitty Loftus, not the smallest effort is made at emulating Savoy traditions, there can be no mistake, no disappointment, and surely no complaint of degeneracy. "Naughty Nancy," indeed, belongs to the well-nigh exploded school of musical comedy—that which, by dividing its characters into mechanically arranged pairs, tries to combine sentimental interest and rollicking buffoonery. There are four couples in Mr. Oliver Bath's story—a would-be young and very blue-blooded "belted peer" and a designing American widow, the peer's school-girl daughter and her tenor lover, the peer's young son and the haughty school-girl heroine, a philanthropic schoolmistress and her runaway scamp of a husband. It is this last character, a swindler always dodging the police in various disguises, who in the person of that quiet comedian, Mr. Charles Stevens, provides rather too large a supply of comic relief. It is Miss Mollie Lowell and Mr. John M. Hay who, as the sentimental couple, warble drawing-room ballads. It is Miss Loftus herself, who in a whole series of sprightly ballads, especially one eulogistic of the policeman, displays her native archness, throws herself about with restless abandon, and keeps the play alive. If the second act, with its dreary lengths of farcical business, contained anything like the mildly agreeable succession of unpretentious songs and occasional dances which does the first, "Naughty Nancy" would prove acceptable enough.

## MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND THE BOER GENERALS.

The much-heralded conference between Mr. Chamberlain and Generals Botha, Delarey, and De Wet, representing the Boers, took place at the Colonial Office on Sept. 5. The proceedings were strictly private, but a full report has since been issued in the form of a White Paper. In addition to the chief personages concerned, there were present Lord Kitchener; Lord Onslow, Under-Secretary for the Colonies; Mr. F. Graham, of the South African Department; Mr. de Villiers, one of the Boer General's private secretaries, who acted as interpreter; and two official shorthand-writers. The fact that the time fixed for the meeting was generally known caused a large crowd to assemble soon after one o'clock, and at half-past two the police found it necessary to clear Downing Street and to close the gates leading to the Horse Guards' Parade. The disappointed spectators at once took up positions in Whitehall, and at twenty minutes to three had the satisfaction of seeing Mr. Chamberlain's brougham enter Downing Street. The three Generals and their secretary, in a pair-horsed open carriage, arrived some twenty minutes later, and, driving through the Foreign Office quadrangle, entered by the main door. They were met by an official who conducted them to a waiting-room, and at ten minutes past three into the conference chamber, which they did not leave until an hour and fifty-five minutes later.

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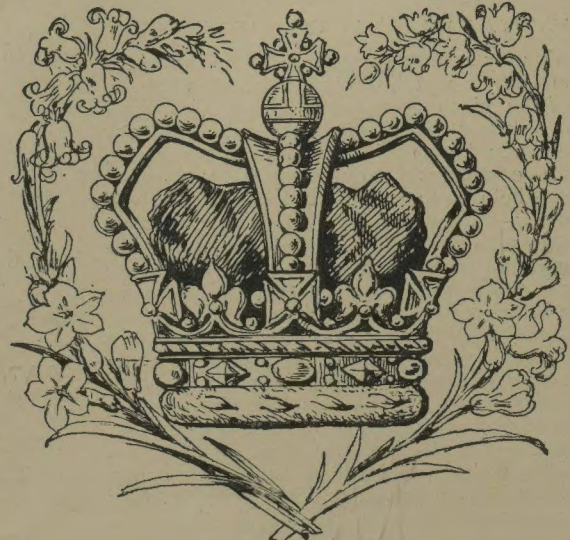
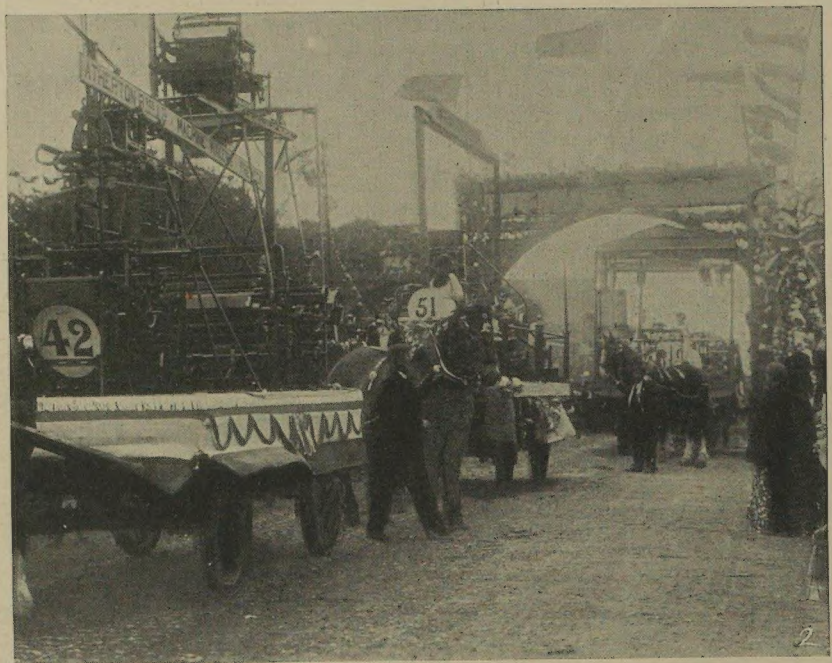
Anna of the Five Towns. Arnold Bennett. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

The Strand District. Sir Walter Besant and G. E. Mitton. The Fasci-  
nation of London Series. (Black. 1s. 6d.)Hampstead and Marylebone. Sir Walter Besant and G. E. Mitton.  
The Fascination of London Series. (Black. 1s. 6d.)



# THE CELEBRATION OF THE PRESTON GUILD MERCHANT.

PHOTOGRAPHS 1, 2, AND 4 BY BANKS, MANCHESTER; 3 AND 5 BY ARTHUR WINTER, FISHERGATE, PRESTON.



1. THE EXHIBIT OF THE TIN-PLATERS AND WIRE-WORKERS.

2. REPRESENTATIVES OF THE TEXTILE TRADES.

3. LIVING PICTURES SHOWN BY THE PICTURE-FRAMES.

4. DECORATIONS IN FISHERGATE.

5. SCHOLARS FROM THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND SUNDAY SCHOOLS IN FISHERGATE.

## THE PROCESSIONS OF THE COMBINED TRADES AND OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Wednesday of the week of celebration was devoted to a Procession of the Combined Trades of Preston. Some ten thousand people took part in this, and every craft was represented. The procession of Church of England Sunday School scholars was held earlier in the week, and comprised over twenty thousand children and adults.





A PICTURESQUE SCENE IN SOUTH-WESTERN FRANCE: PEASANTS OF THE LANDES GOING TO MARKET.

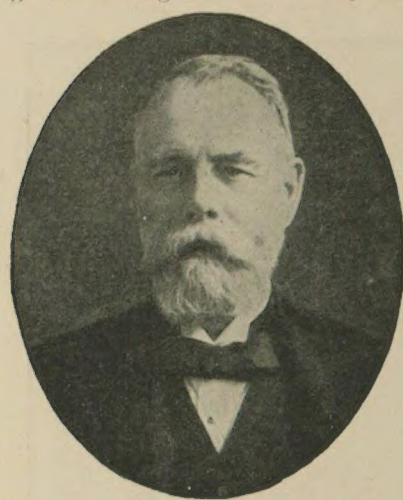
DRAWN BY P. FRENZENY.

*The vast stretches of arid lands or salt marshy plains in South-Western France, known as "The Landes," are cut up by small ditches, pools, and hummocks. Stilts are consequently of great use to the inhabitants, and are universally adopted for travelling across country.*



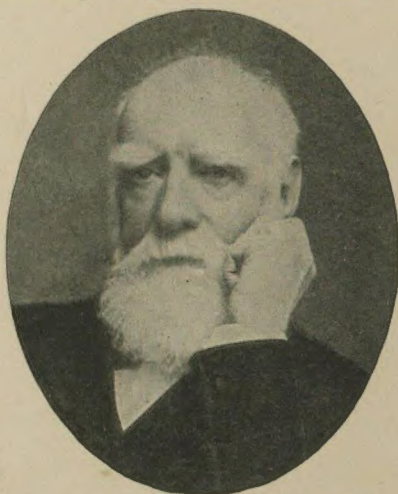
## PERSONAL.

Lord Mount-Stephen, who with Lord Strathcona has given to King Edward's Hospital Fund for London an endowment at present producing £16,000 per annum, and likely to increase in value, was born on June 5, 1829, the son of William Stephen, of Dufftown, Banffshire. Emigrating to Canada in 1850, he eventually became director, vice-president, and president of the Bank of Montreal; president of the St. Paul and Manitoba Railway; and head of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which position he held until 1888. Lord Mount-Stephen, whose Barony was created in 1891, has been married twice—in 1853 to Annie Charlotte, daughter of Mr. Benjamin Kane; and in 1897 to Gian, daughter of the late Captain R. G. Tufnell, R.N. He has no heir.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.  
LORD MOUNT-STEPHEN,  
Munificent Donor to King Edward's  
Hospital Fund.

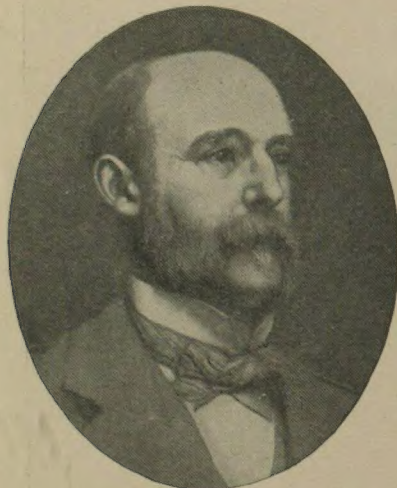
Lord Strathcona, part-donor of the magnificent gift to London hospitals, has been High Commissioner for Canada since 1896. The son of Alexander Smith, he was born in Scotland in 1820, at an early age entered the service of the Hudson Bay Company, and was the last Resident Governor of that Corporation as a governing body. During the first Riel rebellion in Red River Settlements in 1869-1870, he acted as Special Commissioner, and received official thanks. Appointed in the latter year a member of the first Executive Council of N.W. Territory, he represented Winnipeg and St. John's in the Manitoba Legislature from 1871 till 1884; was M.P. for Selkirk in the Dominion House of Commons in 1871-72, 1874, and 1878, and for Montreal West from 1877 till 1896. Lord Strathcona is a Governor of the Hudson Bay Company, Director of the Canadian Pacific and two other railway companies, and President of the Bank of Montreal.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.  
LORD STRATHCONA,  
Munificent Donor to King Edward's  
Hospital Fund.

Mr. Seddon has sailed for home. In a farewell letter he urged the importance of a visit to the Colonies by members of the Imperial Government. It has been humorously suggested that Mr. Seddon should manage the Colonial Office when Mr. Chamberlain visits New Zealand, and that Sir Edmund Barton and Sir Wilfrid Laurier might administer the rest of Imperial affairs while Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne made a little tour in Canada and Australia.

The death of Mr. Panmure Gordon removes a conspicuous and picturesque figure from among the leaders of finance in London. Born in 1837, and educated at Harrow, Oxford, and Bonn, Mr. Gordon served four years as an officer in the 10th Hussars, was for five years in a mercantile firm in China, where he commanded a Volunteer force during the Taiping Rebellion; and then, returning to London, became a stockbroker. Senior partner in the firm of Panmure Gordon, Hill, and Co., he undertook many big promotions with considerable success, and earned a reputation for being keen, but never haggling. His hobbies were fox-terriers, carriages, and clothes; and he was immensely proud of his Scotch ancestry.



THE LATE MR. PANMURE GORDON,  
Company Promoter.  
From the Painting by Hubert Herkomer.

President Roosevelt has had a narrow escape from sudden death. He was in a carriage which was run into by an electric tram-car. One of his companions was killed on the spot, and the President was hurled with great force a distance of twenty feet, luckily without any serious injury. It is characteristic of American freedom that the

driver of the electric car angrily rebuked the President for trying to "monopolise the right of way."

The American trusts, thoroughly alarmed by the President's campaign against them, threaten to prevent his renomination by the Republican party. About half-a-dozen important States have already nominated him as the Republican candidate for the Presidency in 1904. Only in New York State apparently is there any doubt as to his success.

At the French military manoeuvres near Toulouse it was remarked that the most obvious lesson of the South African War was disregarded. Infantry in close formation, led by officers waving their swords, charged up hills to capture entrenchments. This in the teeth of General de Negrier's warning that every man engaged in such an attack would be killed or wounded half a mile from the enemy.

Robert Bourke, first Baron Connemara, who died on Sept. 3, was the third son of the fifth Earl of Mayo, and the brother of the distinguished Viceroy of India. Born in County Meath on June 11, 1827, and educated at Enniskillen School and at Trinity College, Dublin, he was called to the Bar in 1852, joined the South Wales Circuit, and for some years attended the Knutsford Sessions. His political career began with his election in 1868 as a member of Parliament in the Conservative interest for King's Lynn, which constituency he represented for eighteen years. In 1874, when Mr. Disraeli came into office, Mr. Bourke received the appointment of Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and held it until 1880, when he became a Privy Councillor, and went to Constantinople to arrange the External Debt of Turkey. He filled the same position in the Salisbury Ministry of 1885-86, and in the latter year succeeded Sir M. Grant-Duff as Governor of Madras.



Photo, J. Thomson.  
THE LATE LORD CONNEMARA,  
Former Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

The Count of Montebello, for many years French Ambassador at St. Petersburg, is recalled. He ascribes this to his opinions of the Republican policy towards the religious orders in France. Gossip says it is due to the jealousy of French officials, who were incensed by the special favour shown to the Ambassador by the Czar when the Russian Court visited Compiègne.

Colonel de St. Remy, who refused to take part in the military ejection of French nuns, has been tried by court-martial, and sentenced to one day's imprisonment. The sentence is significant of military opinion in France. But Colonel de St. Remy has, of course, exposed himself to compulsory retirement from the service.

Lieutenant-General Lord William Frederick Ernest Seymour, who has been appointed to succeed Sir William Stirling as Lieutenant of the Tower of London, has for the past year been temporary Military Secretary at Headquarters. He is the youngest son of the late Admiral Sir George F. Seymour, was born on Dec. 8, 1838, and, as youngest brother of the fifth Marquis of Hertford, was granted the courtesy title of Lord in 1871. He entered the Royal Navy in 1851, and, during the three years he was at sea, served in the Baltic, and was present at the taking of Bomarsund. His military career began in 1855, when he joined the Coldstream Guards. In the following year he saw service in the Crimea; from 1861 till 1864 he was on the Staff in Canada; in 1882 he was given special employment in Egypt, and took part in the actions of Mahuta and Tel-el-Kebir. For five years he commanded the South-Eastern District, and for two years in the troops in Canada. Lord William Seymour married, in 1871, a daughter of the first Baron Penrhyn.

A South African millionaire has offered the Mayor of Southwold a hundred pounds for the local poor if he will correctly calculate the speed of the millionaire's motor-car. The Mayor of Southwold seems indisposed to accept the challenge. Perhaps he is content with the admission of motorists that they always exceed the legal speed except when they catch sight of the rural police.

The customary revolution in Hayti has brought that absurd island into collision with Germany. A gun-boat, which stopped a German merchant-vessel, was sunk for this impertinence by a German cruiser. In Germany there is a burst of lyrical enthusiasm over this wonderful

exploit of the Kaiser's navy. It is even supposed to have crushed the Monroe Doctrine. America takes it calmly.

Canon John Patteson, of Norwich, died suddenly on Sept. 6, while addressing his guests at a garden-party.

A MAWSON Scholar of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, he took his degree, in the Mathematical Tripos of 1836, as twenty-fifth Wrangler. In the following year he was ordained deacon, and two years later priest, his first cure being that of Stalbridge, Dorset. There he remained until 1844, when he was transferred to St. Jude's, Chelsea, as perpetual curate. In 1855 he was presented with the rectory of Christ Church, Spitalfields; in 1867 he became Rector of Thorpe, Norfolk; and in 1870 Rural Dean of Blofield. The last two preferments he resigned in 1896. His honorary canonry dated from 1882.

The Kaiser has showered decorations on the British officers who attended the German manoeuvres. They have not been greeted by the explosion of bad manners which indicated German opinion of the Kaiser's courtesy to Lord Roberts in the middle of the war.

Mr. Philip James Bailey, the author of "Festus," died at Nottingham, his native city, on Sept. 6, in his eighty-seventh year. Mr. Bailey, who was the son of the author of "The Annals of Nottinghamshire," early showed his bent towards literature, and while still quite young began the writing of verse. He was but twenty when he first planned and began the composition of the work which, published anonymously in 1839, was destined to make his name, not only in England, but in America. The poet later incorporated with "Festus" "The Angel World," 1850; "The Mystic," 1855; and "The Universal Hymn," 1867; while in 1889 a new edition, the eleventh in England and the thirtieth in America, was issued, with an interesting introduction. He was also the author of "The Age: a Satire," published in 1858. Mr. Bailey was educated at several schools in Nottingham, passing from them to Glasgow University, where he matriculated in 1831. Four years later he was called to the Bar, but he never practised.

Lieut. Gibbon, the British officer who took part in the military ride from Brussels to Ostend, has explained that he had no idea his horse was suffering from exhaustion until it suddenly dropped dead. This does not reflect much credit on the intelligence of Lieut. Gibbon.

Sir Frederick Augustus Abel, who died suddenly on Sept. 6, was one of the cleverest chemists of his day, a fact soon realised by the Government, who, after he had been for three years acting as Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Military Academy, appointed him, in 1854, Chemist of the War Department, a post he retained until 1888. In 1883 he became a member of the Royal Commission on Accidents in Mines, and from 1888 to 1891 he was President of the Committee on Explosives. Sir Frederick Abel held a number of high positions, notably those of Chairman of the Society of Arts, and President of the British Association, the Iron and Steel Institute, the Institute of Chemistry, the Society of Chemical Industry, and the Institute of Electric Engineers. His publications include "The Modern History of Gunpowder," works on "Gun-Cotton," "Explosive Agents," "Researches in Explosives," and "Electricity Applied to Explosive Purposes."

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Photo, Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE SIR FREDERICK ABEL,  
Distinguished Chemist.



# CHURCH PARADE IN THE COLONIES.

DRAWN BY MELTON PRIOR.



SUNDAY MORNING ON THE TERRACE AT QUEBEC.

*Church Parade is as much a feature of fashionable life in Quebec as it is in London during the Season. It is a matter of remark that the Canadian ladies are conspicuous for the smartness of their dress.*



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE KING IN SCOTLAND.

The *Victoria and Albert*, with the King and Queen on board, left Stornoway on September 3, at five o'clock in the morning, and, escorted by the cruiser *Crescent* and the destroyer *Lively*, proceeded direct to Dunrobin, anchoring off the Castle. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland went aboard and lunched with the royal party, the King landing during the afternoon and taking tea at Dunrobin Castle. A day's deer-stalking in the neighbourhood of Loch Brora, which the Queen also attended, was arranged for his Majesty's amusement on the Friday; whilst on the Saturday the royal party, after witnessing the aquatic sports off the pier, again drove to the Castle, afterwards visiting Dornoch, by way of Skibo Castle, where the King paid a visit to Mr. Carnegie, and returning to Dunrobin at about six o'clock. On Sunday the Duke and Duchess lunched with the King and Queen, and their Majesties again visited the Castle. Leaving Dunrobin early on Monday morning, the *Victoria and Albert* sailed for Invergordon, where their Majesties landed shortly after eleven o'clock, and, half an hour later, started by special train for Ballater, stopping at Elgin and Aberdeen. Balmoral was reached soon after five. Owing to his Majesty's desire that his visit should be regarded as of a strictly private character, there were no formal demonstrations on the road between Ballater and Balmoral; but on the King's arrival at his Scottish home, he was received by the Balmoral Highlanders, drawn up at the main entrance under Mr. Michie, the factor of the royal estate. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their children, were also present. On Tuesday the King, the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria, and a large party drove to Loch Muick for a day's trout-fishing, and excellent sport was obtained. We add this week to our pictorial record of the King's tour Illustrations of his Majesty's visit to the Mamore Deer Forest. As we stated in our last issue, a contrary wind spoilt the sport.

## THE KING'S YOUNGEST NIECE.

Her Highness Princess Victoria Eugénie of Battenberg is the youngest of the King's nieces, and the only daughter of his Majesty's youngest sister, Princess Henry of Battenberg, with whom she shared the privilege of being the constant companion of Queen Victoria, who was greatly attached to her and to her three brothers. Her Highness inherits her mother's love of yachting, a taste which has lent peculiar appropriateness to the unique compliment lately paid to Princess Henry of Battenberg—that of being unanimously elected the first honorary lady member of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Princess Victoria Eugénie's childhood was clouded by one great grief, the loss of the gallant young father, whose devotion to his little daughter was one of the most pleasing traits in an exceptionally fine character. Her Highness, as her name implies, was the godchild of the late Sovereign and of the Empress Eugénie.

## THE LATE PROFESSOR VIRCHOW.

Professor Virchow, who died at Berlin on Sept. 5, after a protracted illness, had a double claim to fame—as scientist and politician. Born at Schifelin, Pomerania, on Oct. 13, 1821, he took his degree as *Unterarzt*—the

equivalent to our Bachelor of Medicine—at Berlin, in 1843, and almost from the first paid more attention to the scientific than to the practical side of his profession. From Professor of Anatomy at the Charité Hospital, he became, in 1847, external Lecturer in Pathology at the University of Berlin, and about the same time founded, with Reinhardt, the *Archiv für Pathologische Anatomie und Physiologie*. A severe outbreak of typhus fever in Silesia led the young scientist thither, and the state of things he found there was the cause of the commencement of his public and political career. His report denouncing the evils he had witnessed made him at once a suspect and a leading speaker in the democratic clubs of Berlin. He was soon elected to the Prussian Assembly, but, being under the Parliamentary

much more frequency than could otherwise have been the case. The speed of the vessel at the time of firing was eight knots for the 12-in. guns, and twelve knots for the 6 in., while the targets were hit at the rate of 1.41 a minute by the larger and 4.87 a minute by the smaller weapons.

## THE FLOODS IN BELFAST.

For upwards of twelve hours on Sept. 2 and 3, rain fell continuously in Ireland, and on the latter day Belfast was in a state of flood; miles of streets were under water, and traffic, where not suspended, was seriously impeded. A number of people, caught by the rapidly rising tide, had to be rescued from upper windows; mills were stopped by the water extinguishing their fires; the performances at the Royal Opera House were prevented by the flooding of the pit and stalls; and Glengall Street, Grosvenor Road, and the Great Northern Railway Station were only accessible by boat. The depth of the water varied from two to eight feet.

## A TELESCOPIC FIRE-TOWER.

The telescopic fire-tower shown in the accompanying photograph was invented by Captain Schapler, late of the German Artillery, and now chief of the Frankfurt Fire Brigade. The whole tower in working order weighs only three tons, and, on account of the frictionless wheel axles, is easily drawn by two horses. It consists of a long steel barrel with three other barrels telescoped one within the other. Each barrel is provided with a ladder attached to its upper portion, and, to extend it, all that is necessary is to admit carbonic acid gas from the upright receiver into the telescopic part, and so shoot the ladder up to the required height. Charging the receiver, which is all the preparation required to be ready for action, takes about ten seconds. When it is desired to search any special rooms in a burning building, a fireman, fastened to

the top, is shot up on the tower to the desired height, and is then taken from window to window without touching the building, for the tower can be raised at any angle without support. If he finds anyone, the fireman hooks him on to the top of the ladder and brings him safely to the ground by collapsing the escape, or rescues him by swinging him from one roof on to another. A man can be raised eighty-five feet in under half a minute. The hose is wound upon a reel under the telescopic part, while the nozzle or nozzles are lashed to the top or other levels, and are taken up with the firemen.

## PRESTON GUILD MERCHANT.

Following the custom which has held good for a considerable number of years, the organisers of the Preston Guild Merchant festivities devoted Wednesday of last week to a procession of combined trades, the most important item in the series of festivities which came to an end on Sept. 6. Divided into two sections—general trades and textile trades—the procession comprised about ten thousand persons, every craft in the town being represented, and each showing one or more exhibits. The second of the two divisions, representing as it did the chief industry of the town, was particularly impressive, and gave an interesting object-lesson of the various processes in the manufacture of cotton, and the machinery used. The procession of Church of England Sunday School scholars, over twenty thousand of whom marched along a route of six miles, took place earlier in the week, and attracted much attention.



THE OFFICIAL ISSUE OF CORONATION MEDALS BY THE ROYAL MINT:  
THE LARGE GOLD MEDAL.

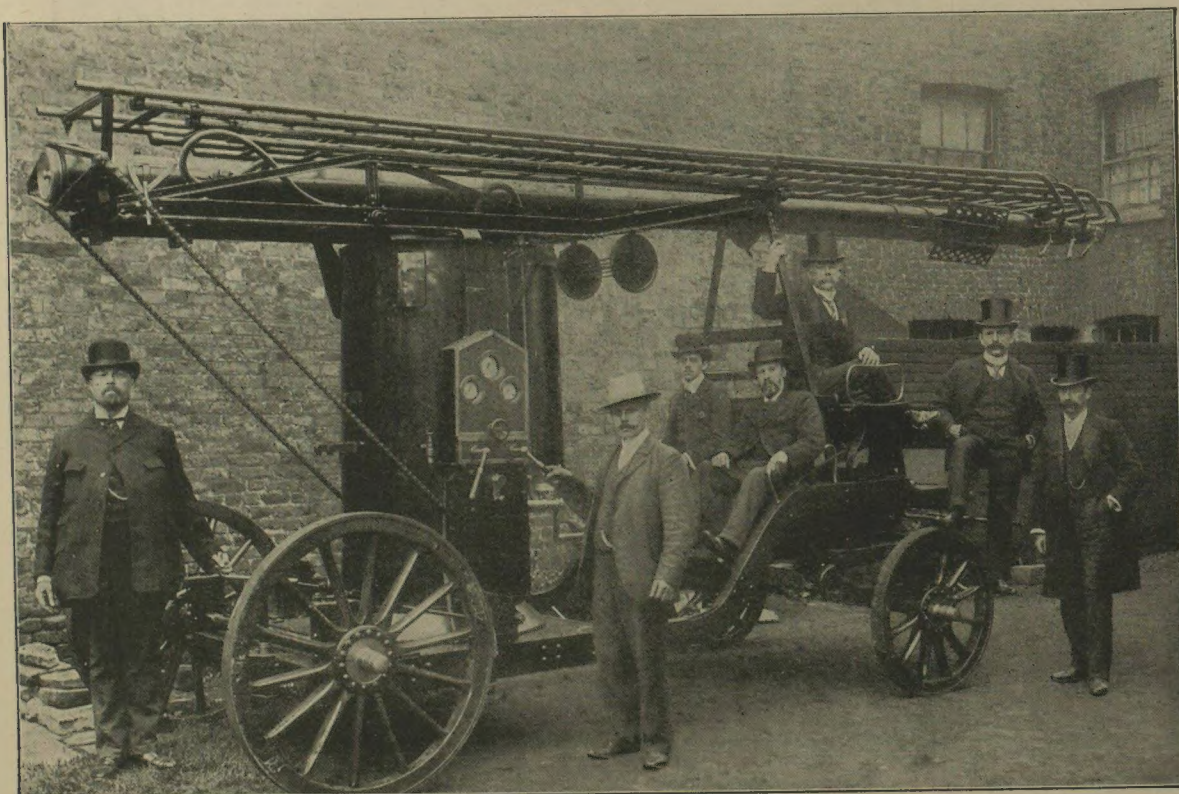
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THANKFULL STURDEE.

The medals will be struck in two sizes. The larger ones, about two inches in diameter, will be issued in fine gold, fine silver, and bronze, and will cost respectively £13, 10s., and 3s.; the smaller, about one inch and a quarter in diameter, will be in fine gold and fine silver only, and are priced at £2 12s. 6d. and 1s.

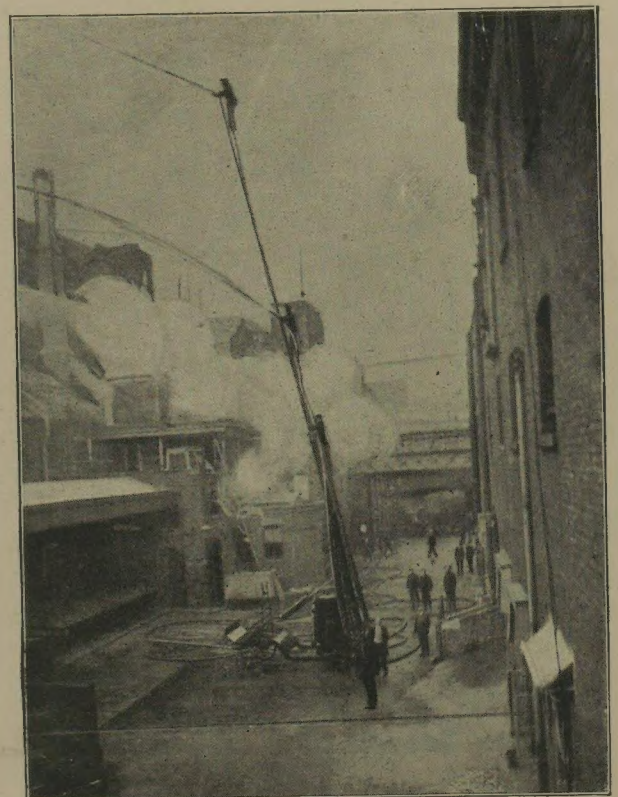
age, he could not sit; then, on the Government again coming into favour, he was left stranded. Würzburg saw her opportunity, and offered him the chair of Pathology. While in this position he published his famous "Cellular Pathology," the outcome of which was his appointment as Professor of Pathology at Berlin University. In 1862 he was again elected to the Prussian Chamber, and speedily rose to the leadership of the Radical party. It was then that he had his famous quarrel with Bismarck. On the outbreak of war in 1866 and in 1870-71, the Professor assisted the ambulance. His most useful public work was done during his forty-two years' service on the Berlin Municipal Council. His chief scientific work was in pathology, but he was an authority on anthropology and archaeology and on public health.

## THE HOLDER OF THE NAVAL SHOOTING RECORD.

Captain Percy Scott's dictum that the *Ocean* is the most efficient battle-ship possessed by England was amply proved by the recent prize-firing at Wei-Hai-Wei, when she beat the world's record, held by the cruiser *Terrible*, by fifteen hits in the same time. This excellent result was mainly due to a simple and ingenious contrivance. An ordinary rifle was attached to the gun in such a way as to move with it, and to point in the same direction when the sights of the bigger weapon were placed on the target. A target, proportionately small, hung in front of the gun, and an iron box to catch any stray shots completed the arrangement. By means of this, the men were enabled to practice with



THE FIRE-TOWER ON ITS CARRIAGE.



THE TELESCOPIC TOWER EXTENDED AND IN USE.

THE SCHAPLER TELESCOPIC FIRE-TOWER.



# THE CASE OF KITTY KILDEA.

By SEUMAS MACMANUS.



Illustrated by Gunning King.

FOR all Kitty Kildea hadn't a bonny face (Jimmy Brannigan informed the neighbours when he come back from the States) she had as bonny a heart as was to be found atween the four shores of Americay—and that was a big word. And (Jimmy added in a whisper, which whisper expressed at one and the same time secrecy, amusement, and admiration)—Kitty's as proud as Lucifer—she is.

Jimmy was pretty correct in his estimate. Kitty's share of physical beauty, sure enough, was rather conspicuous by its absence. She was short and bunt, and walked with a waddle. Her face was dried and wrinkled—as, indeed, it might well be, for, as Micky Malloy remarked when Jimmy told them of her, "She's wore that face as long as I mind": and the neighbours unanimously agreed that Micky minded fifty-five years, if he minded a day. Moreover, Kitty's left eye had a particularly comical squint which looked so out of place in a countenance so grave and so sedate that it often prompted a casual acquaintance to laugh—a casual acquaintance, I said. Kitty's bonnet and dress, too, were, maybe, a bit odd and old-fashioned: they were always black, but she tried to enliven things with one or two fantastic ribbons that almost completed the uniform oddity of Kitty Kildea. Almost; for it was never really completed till she adopted her umbrella, and sallied forth down Fifth Avenue: this umbrella had been venerable a decade before; it was bundled and bound (with a long black boot-lace, whose ends waved about) in a manner that no other mortal but Kitty could effect, and carried in a fashion that no other save Kitty Kildea could carry it; and, storm or sunshine, rain, hail, or snow, the umbrella and Kitty were such inseparable out-of-door companions that she would as readily have dreamt of going down Fifth Avenue bare-footed as empty-handed.

And when Kitty Kildea—with the umbrella—did walk down Fifth, there was no higher head (morally speaking) in all of the throng that paraded the Avenue.

It's true that her youth had slipped away from Kitty, and her (very modest) show of beauty; but there was one quality that never did, and never would, and moreover, never could, desert her—that was Kitty's indomitably proud spirit. She looked upon Kitty Kildea as the equal of any woman or man outside Ireland. And, without being too strikingly ostentatious on the point, anyone whose presumption earned for them the reminder might instantly feel it in the atmosphere.

Strangely enough, it was this very splendid quality of poor Kitty's that suddenly wrought her downfall. For, after having borne on her shoulders for thirty-three years—ever since her second year in the States—the cares of the house of the bachelor (confirmed, everyone thought) Aaron Boulton, she, as well as all the world, got a shock when he suddenly introduced a young wife, and set

her over Kitty's head. And as Kitty was no way partial to the giddy young mistress, neither was she partial to the tribe and type of men that then began to make her—Kitty's—house their resort; and when at length she was, against her will, driven into giving this young woman a deserved and dignified snub in the presence of a bunch of the men referred to, Aaron Boulton, excited and angered at her by the tears of the young woman (with whom he was infatuated), had spoken angrily to Kitty

A second shining quality of Kitty's it was that almost wrought her entire undoing. Jimmy Brannigan had boasted that, if her face wasn't very bonny, the beauty of her heart more than made up for its shortcomings. Jimmy was right. Kitty had a heart, as Jimmy remarked on a second occasion, far purtier than Donal Gallagher's flower-garden on a June day—and Donal's garden had hitherto been to the neighbours the climax of loveliness. This was the further grand quality of Kitty's which,

as I said, helped almost to clinch her worldly ruin. "The heart of her," Jimmy Brannigan expatiated, "was tinderherer than the tinderherest mountain mutton; and no sowl or sinner from Knockagar ever went to her with a tale of distress—which is to say, want of money—and come away again with either hurt pride, sore bones, or an ache in his stomach." And as poor Kitty's partiality for all from Knockagar was well advertised by grateful ones whom Kitty had piloted over the dark hour that sometime or other comes to very many of our poor boys and girls in the States, the strings of her little purse were kept running for the three-and-thirty years she had been earning good wages with Aaron Boulton, with the result that now she walked out upon the world she was not far from penniless, and was too old, besides, and too old-fashioned, to be likely to win a new master. Five score of grateful friends, indeed, when they heard of Kitty's misfortune, threw open both their doors and their purses to her. That she had such loyal friends made Kitty's soul glad, but her pride would not permit her to take advantage of any such offers. She just shook the very venerable umbrella at them, and waddled away to engage her own lodgings.

Kitty had a brother, Rodgie, at home in Ireland who had stayed there and slipped into their father's possessions—for Kitty was above claiming a part—when the old man died, and who had afterwards married well—married the daughter of a meal-merchant in Donegal who had grown rich by selling his meal to the poor on credit and charging extortionate interest, and seizing their cattle and lands when they (fortunately for him) were unable at length to pay. Her brother Rodgie had, I say, married this man's daughter, and got a fabulous sum—some said seven score of pounds—with her, and was, accordingly, now wealthy. And some well-meaning ones suggested to Kitty, "Why not go home and spend the

remainder of your life in the aise ye have earned, in-und Rodgie's roof, who owes you a deal more than your keep if ye claimed it?" But Kitty scorned the idea. For Rodgie's mistress was master in that house, and, as she had been a moneyed woman, the daughter of a moneyed man, she had considered poor relations with supreme contempt; and, since Rodgie's sister Kitty was "a menial"—so Mrs. Rodgie put it—in America, she had long ago made her husband scratch Kitty's name out of the family records. 'Twas little wonder that poor proud Kitty should



"Arrah, Mrs. Kildea, 'a mhuirnin,'" said he.

Kildea, the first such in three-and-thirty years, and with stern words and a hard face had given her dismissal from his services. Stern words he certainly spoke and a hard face he showed, though Jenny, who had been Kitty's subordinate, was able to tell that, after Kitty had said to him a cold but dignified "Good-bye," and, in the wake of a bonnet-box and a pathetic-looking tin case, marched with all the dignity of a queen out of the house where she had for three-and-thirty years made him a happy home, he broke down and cried like a baby.



revolt at the idea of going home to live in that woman's house, then; and that she'd prefer, instead, to face the dire want that now stared her in the face in America.

But Jimmy Brannigan had just arrived home from the States; and Jimmy Brannigan was one of the very last boys whom poor Kitty had helped before she lost her place. He knew too—what all the American world knew—that it was Kitty's noble-souled generosity that now left her on the threshold of poverty; and as Jimmy Brannigan, poor boy, poor good-hearted ne'er-do-well that he was, could not make her any pecuniary return—even if, for a moment, he could dare to think she would take it—he suddenly conceived a brilliant idea, as it appeared to him, for bettering poor Kitty's position.

A brilliant one I suppose it really was, though it was an idea peculiarly after the fashion of Jimmy's own peculiar morals.

And in furtherance of the idea, on the very second day after Knockagar had, with acclamation as noisy as it was sincere, received the prodigal into its arms again, and killed the fatted calf (which is to say, emptied a jar of good potteen) in his honour, Jimmy journeyed forth, making Rodgie Kildea's, of Altamard, his objective. And, having arrived there, he rushed in with all the demonstration he could muster. "Arrah, Mrs. Kildea, a mhúirín," said he, seizing both her hands and wringing them, "but it's meself's the glad man to see your handsome, kindly face again; for, in troth, few I saw like it since the last tear I dropped outside your door—the night afore I left Ireland." (In all Jimmy's grown life a tear didn't wet his cheeks, I suppose—but no matter.) "How's every bone in your body? And how's your good man Rodgie's four bones? And how's every one of the childre? But, sure, when I look into the face of ye—the picture of health and contentment—I needn't ax any more questions. Faith, it's many and many's the time I've thought of yourself and Rodgie and the childre, when—oh, oh!—I was among the black stranger, God help me! And many and many's the time I thought of your kindness, and the kindness of every wan in—under the roof of this kindly house, and wished I was home among ye again—wished and wished till the heart of me ached. But, oh, oh! sure if I wished in wan hand and spit in the other I knew well which would be the weightiest. But to the dickens with black thoughts! Sure I am back again now, and well and hearty, with a heart as high as a lark's and as light as the lilt of a linnet! Mrs. Kildea, it warms me to the tips o' the toes to see ye, and find yourself and your care all well and hearty, and with happiness and God's blissin' still about you. And that you may never know till your dyin' day what it is to be without either of them, is the prayer of Jimmy Brannigan." And all this time he retained his firm grip on the hands of Mrs. Kildea, working them up and down like pump-handles. To such a surpassing amount of enthusiasm Mrs. Kildea was forced to be responsive. While she hurried herself in preparing a repast for Jimmy, she was eager in her inquiries after Jimmy's own health and happiness, and the health and happiness of all the friends he left behind him in the States.

And Jimmy gave glowing accounts of his friends. "There's Rodgie's sister Kitty, too," he said, "that ye've forgot about." Mrs. Kildea's figure instantly—Jimmy was noting with the tail of his eye—stiffened with all the dormant dignity of her father's daughter. But Jimmy went on as if he did not dream of anything amiss: "And if there's one from home who is a credit to the country she left it's Kitty; or if there's one who has thriven well, and put a pile together, it's her." Jimmy did not require to be quite so sharp-sighted as he was to observe the relaxing process that Mrs. Kildea's figure now suddenly underwent. But he gave no sign of noting anything beyond the good things on the table to which he was doing not merely justice but injustice—for, after the seasickness, Jimmy's appetite was like a razor's edge.

"Three-and-thirty years Kitty sarved the one masher. For the last twenty years he could no more do without her than he could do without the back of his head; and he was giving her the wages of a queen. Och, it's shocking, I b'lieve, the wages he was giving her. It's sayed—but meself can't swear whether it's true or not—that the company she was in the habit of bankin' her wages with at last refused to take any more from her for fear she'd break them if she'd suddenly take the notion to withdraw." Mrs. Kildea had pulled a chair close to Jimmy, and was listening open-mouthed. "So," said Jimmy, "she had to begin puttin' her wages into rale estate. The finest part of it all is," said he, "that Kitty, with all her wealth, is as plain as you or me."

Under other circumstances Mrs. Kildea would have frozen at this phrase, but she heeded it not now. She was mightily interested in Jimmy's story.

"As plain," said Jimmy, "as you, Ma'am, or me. And now, as she considered she had more money made than she knew what to do with"—Jimmy's audience was engrossed in his words—"and as the age is fallin' on her fast, she has retired from sarvice, and is intendin' to live, in aise and comfort, on the intrust of her money for the remainder of her natural life; and the Lord only knows what she'll do with her money then." Mrs. Kildea craned her neck forward. "But," Jimmy said coolly, "it's the opinion that she'll laive it to the priest (and, between you and me, he's keepin' close tack to Kitty) to help him put a belfry on his chapel. And, I suppose, after all, that's about the best use she could put it to," and Jimmy looked up to Mrs. Kildea for approval.

"Jimmy Brannigan," said Mrs. Kildea, straightening herself, "it would ill be Kitty's comin' to fire her little grain of gathering into the priest's belfry when she has her brother Rodgie in Ireland puttin' the bone through the skin tryin' to maintain his little family in dacency."

"Upon my word," said Jimmy, with alacrity, "and sure it's right ye are. Meself never looked at it in that way."

"I've set me heart on makin' my family respectable," said Mrs. Kildea, "above the common families of the parish. I want to make an attorney of Brian, put Peter into a drapery shop, and make a priest out of wee Johnnie.

\* *i.e.*, "It would ill become Kitty."

And look," said she, "what a couple of hundred pound of Kitty Kildea's money would do there! It'll be a black shame for her, and a sin on her soul, if she goes throwin' her lock of money into a belfry, and them that, by thick-ness of blood, she owes it to, losin' their rights for the want of it. Jimmy Brannigan," she said, "am I right or am I wrong, or do I ax anything that's onreasonable?"

"Ma'am," said Jimmy, pushing from him his cup and saucer, wiping his mouth, and crossing himself in thanks-giving—"Ma'am," he said, "you're right, as ye always are. It would be a shame, sure enough, for Kitty—a black shame. I seen wee Johnnie, more by the same token, box a clane round at the end of the school lane as I come here, and lavin' a pair of as purty black eyes as you'd wish to see with a lad that was double his size. He's a fine lad, good luck to him! and 'll make a darlin' fine priest. I wish him his health. But, as I was sayin', it'll sure enough be a black shame for poor Kitty to forget her own brother and her own brother's family; and the only reason why I b'lieve she does it is that she thought you had forgot all about her and took no intrust whatsoever in her—which, I know, was a perfect misunderstandin' on Kitty's part. But then, ye know yerself, Kitty was inclined to be a bit quare."

"Is it forget her!" said Mrs. Kildea, with indignant astonishment in her face—"forget her! I wonder if she knows how much and how often meself and Rodgie talk of her; and how much we wondered, and were hurtled and offended, that she never sent us a scrape of the pen! And all that notwithstanding," Mrs. Kildea said magnanimously, "we had agreed that when old age and the rheumatiz should come on her we'd let her know that our door was on the latch to her."

"See that, now!" said Jimmy in wonderment, and seemingly addressing an ashy-tailed cat that had hitherto been taking little or no interest in the proceedings. "See that now!" he said. And then to Mrs. Kildea: "Isn't it or not the pity of the worl' Kitty didn't know your kindly intentions?"

"And," said Mrs. Kildea, "it's many's and many's the time myself and Rodgie, sittin' alone with our two selves by the fire here of a night, wished and wished we had poor Kitty home to us from among the cowl' stranger, and sittin' warm and happy and contented in the corner there fornest us."

"See to that, now! See to that, now!" Jimmy again remarked to the cat.

"And," said Mrs. Kildea with resolve, "as we were so wishful to give her the hospitality of our roof, and her half of our bite and sup when we supposed she'd be poor and in black need of it, I can't see where the blame or the shame'll come in if I make her the same offer now she's rich." And she looked a question at Jimmy, who replied quietly—

"Neither do I—neither do I."

"And," said Mrs. Kildea, "I'm not goin' to alter my course or to throw any slight on the girl now simply because she's rich. Pity I would, Jimmy Brannigan!"

"Just pity ye would, Mrs. Kildea," Jimmy Brannigan replied.

"And I'll not," said Mrs. Kildea with decision.

"Brave woman yourself," said Jimmy encouragingly.

"Though, of course," said Mrs. Kildea, "it would, as ye know, been an aiser matter for us to offer a corner of our small share to a poor and needy Kitty—"

"Of course, of course," Jimmy Brannigan said.

"Still and all, we've always had such great regards for her that I do believe we'll hardly grudge it to Kitty rich."

"Tis yours was the warm heart, ever, Ma'am," said Jimmy admiringly. And, having ascertained that Mrs. Kildea's eye was on the fire reflectively, he winked at the cat, who innocently winked back.

"Jimmy Brannigan," Mrs. Kildea said, "write me down Kitty's address, and I'll get wee Johnnie to scrape a line to her the morra—plaise God."

And when poor Kitty Kildea in her poor lodgings got, one fine morning, the warmest and most cordial and pressing letter of invitation one could imagine from her sister-in-law, Mrs. Kildea, on behalf of herself and her husband Rodgie, Kitty thought she was dreaming. But when she assured herself she was awake by counting the pitiable contents of her wrinkled purse, and when, then, she contrasted Mrs. Kildea's wonderful act of generosity to her, now she was next door to destitute, with her indifference in Kitty's more opulent days, she saw that the world was stocked with good people in disguise, and she thanked God first, and Mrs. Kildea afterwards. And though the proud Kitty would have scorned to accept a favour from her sister-in-law erstwhile, the emphatic cordiality of the invitation conveyed in the letter so wrought upon her sympathies that she accepted it at once, heartily, cordially, and without the slightest trepidation, in the generous spirit of one bestowing rather than receiving a favour.

Kitty Kildea sailed home to Ireland, and was received by Rodgie and Mrs. Kildea, who journeyed all the way to the port of Derry to meet her, with every manifestation of delight and rejoicing.

And Kitty was truly and innocently happy in having found such loving, even if long lost, relatives.

And if her delight at their goodness was great at first, it grew as the days flew.

And it was great at first, for they would not even let her spend a penny. They wouldn't let her buy her dinner in Derry; they wouldn't let her purchase her railway ticket; they wouldn't even allow her to pay the porter. "Kitty Kildea," her sister-in-law said with much warmth, as she pushed aside Kitty's ready purse, "Kitty Kildea," she said, "sure it isn't want to insult us ye do! Put away that purse out o' that, I tell ye, or ye'll have me flamin' with the anger." And poor Kitty, as she put away her little purse, thought that she could never be half grateful to such a warm and liberal-hearted woman.

The neighbours were all pressed to come to see Kitty, and feasted in her honour when they came. High holiday was held at Knockagar, in Rodgie Kildea's, for three weeks after her return, till poor Kitty begged of them as a favour to allow the festivities to abate (so to speak), and let her settle down to the homely content of Rodgie's kitchen fireside.

It was very much against Mrs. Kildea's will that

Kitty was permitted the content of the kitchen fireside; for she had planned that Kitty should live, as became her state, in the room; and to that end she had had Eamon Scanlan, the handy man of the parish, for three weeks sawing and hammering there, giving to it as nearly as possible what she considered to be palatial magnificence; and she had purchased for it from Pat the Pedlar a dozen pictures at the beaten-down price of sixteenpence ha'penny; so, Eamon, when he had finished the renovation and decoration, pronounced that "A king and queen might come in and dhrink their tay in it, and be proud."

So it was with great reluctance indeed, and poignant regret, on Mrs. Kildea's part, that Kitty was allowed to resign the regal splendours of the room, where it had been meant that she should remain in state, for the homeliness of the kitchen hearth.

But Kitty must have the kitchen fireside, and Kitty had it. For a woman so wealthy the simplicity of her tastes was a constant source of wonder to Mrs. Kildea and her worthy man Rodgie.

Mrs. Kildea, too, noticed how plainly, almost poorly, Kitty dressed. And it would have been a fretful puzzle to her, only Rodgie assured her he had heard that was the way all rich people in the States did—the richer they get, the poorer they dressed; and the proudest of them dressed the poorest of all.

"It is well known, then," said Mrs. Kildea, "that Kitty was always proud; so it's small wonder she should dress so very poorly." And content settled in Mrs. Kildea's heart.

She prompted her husband to borrow the priest's car as a standing loan, and his harness likewise; and they yoked in it Rodgie's old grey garran, which he called Tickler, and which, when they went forth, devoted his energies rather to retrospection upon the queer vehicle that trundled after, than to covering the roads that ran before—the latter lacking all interest for the staid and philosophic animal. Still, "to give Kitty her health and the seein' of life," as Mrs. Kildea put it, Tickler ambled dreamily forth upon some journey to the east or the west, the north or the south, each day. And Kitty was drawn over the country to all points of the horizon like a victor on a triumphal car. Mrs. Kildea appeased the impatient Rodgie, who was sore distressed at the loss of many days' work of Tickler, by telling him, "Rodgie, take you my word for it, that afore our three sons is schooled and settled, Kitty Kildea'll pay goold for every ride she rides." Mrs. Kildea's plan of campaign was very perfect, surely, and developed by due degrees.

Kitty was three months at home, and had been treated to all the pleasures Mrs. Kildea could dream of, and all the honours she could desire—honours, indeed, that embarrassed poor Kitty and burdened her oftener than they flattered her—before her generous hostess broached family affairs, and proceeded to take her into confidence thereon.

"It's an attorney," said Mrs. Kildea, "that I should like for to make out of Brian, and put Peter in for a doctor, and make a bishop out of wee Johnnie."

"That," Kitty said, "would be splendid entirely." And Mrs. Kildea was watching Kitty furtively.

"Splendid—yes," said Mrs. Kildea, "and would take a share of money." And she fixed a sidelong glance upon Kitty.

"Yes, yes, surely," the innocent Kitty replied, "it would take a share of money."

"A mighty big share," said Mrs. Kildea.

"I have no doubt of that," Kitty said.

Then Mrs. Kildea felt for a minute like a woman who had unexpectedly come up against a blank wall—for a minute.

"Yes," said Mrs. Kildea, shaking her head, "a power of money—a power of money it takes to make a bishop and an attorney out of two of your sons, and put the other on for a doctor."

"Indeed, and it's a big undertakin' of ye," Kitty said sympathetically.

Mrs. Kildea, she coughed, and then paused a minute for a reply to the cough. But poor innocent Kitty, she never detected it.

So Mrs. Kildea sighed. Then Kitty sighed. And Mrs. Kildea thereupon looked momentarily like one who would soon be impatient. But she recovered herself.

Mrs. Kildea looked into the fire, sighed again, and remarked: "And money is purty scarce these times."

"Indeed, and sure enough it is," Kitty replied.

"And mortal hard to be got," said Mrs. Kildea.

"True words—true words, surely," Kitty said.

Kitty Kildea was an irritating individual. Mrs. Kildea confessed as much to herself.

"Rodgie, poor man," said Mrs. Kildea, "he has been scrapin' and gatherin' for fifteen years in order to put on our sons for dacent professions."

"And I say," said Kitty deliberately, "that is very creditable to Rodgie—very creditable entirely."

"And," said Mrs. Kildea, "after fifteen years' hard scrapin', it looks as if, after all, we'll not be able to do it."

"Ah, don't say it," said Kitty sympathetically. "That would be too bad."

Mrs. Kildea called up two tears—wherever she drew them from—and (so to speak) held them well in hand, as if she could not afford to lose them. She replied: "Hard it would be, seein' we had our hearts set on it—hard." And then she waited. Kitty Kildea sighed heavily and shook her head.

"And it looks," Mrs. Kildea said, after a little, "as if, after all, there's nothing better nor Americay and hard work afore the three lads."

Said Kitty, who was truly grieved inwardly, "That's the way it looks."

"Unless," said Mrs. Kildea, with a tinge of aggravation (too slight to be detected by the all-innocent Kitty) in her manner—"unless some help that we didn't drain of turns up." And she looked Kitty hard.

"Yes," said Kitty cheerily, "Providence'll help ye. You're right, Ma'am. Always expect help from Providence."

Mrs. Kildea showed unmistakable signs of provocation. She had to deal with a dense woman indeed.



"It would be more fittin' for me to expect it," she said, "from near-at-hand friends, wouldn't it?"

"Well, that's surely true," Kitty consented.

Mrs. Kildea made another diplomatic pause. But it was fruitless.

She resolved, then, to make a plunge.

"And under the disthressful circumstances," she said, "it's a kind friend would come forrid [forward] and help." Kitty Kildea must now declare herself. There was no escape, Mrs. Kildea believed.

Said Kitty, "Indeed, and it's so," and shook her head.

Mrs. Kildea was flabbergasted. And no wonder.

Kitty said, further, "But atween yourself and myself and the bed-post—not to let it go no further—one may expect more kicks than kind friends in this world."

The audacity of the woman took poor Mrs. Kildea's breath away.

"Not," said Kitty, after a pause, "that it's my own experience. Only what I hear. For myself I've met

indeed *in its way*. But"—she had resolved on another plunge—"it would be a mighty long time makin' an attorney out of Brian, or payin' for the Bishopin' of wee Johnnie. There's for ye!" she said, giving her head a defiant toss that quite puzzled Kitty.

"What do ye mane?" said Kitty in bewilderment.

"I mean what I say, Kitty Kildea—when ye make me speak plain. Myself'll be mighty grateful for your prayers—none more so. But when it comes to the educatin' of my youngsters, while I'll appreciate your help in the shape of prayers, I'm afeerd I'm haythen enough to like it better in the shape of pounds. Kitty Kildea, can I put it any plainer for ye?"

She couldn't easily.

It was now little Kitty's turn to toss her head. "Oh, indeed!" was all she said, but there was a world of meaning in it.

"Yes, *indeed!*" said Mrs. Kildea. "And since, as all the worl' knows, ye have the pounds near about as plentiful as prayers, it would be small shame for ye to lift

though she had offers in plenty from kindly neighbours. She sent word to Jimmy Brannigan to keep well out of her way. She resolved to knit and sew for an independence.

And lo! the second time she went to the town to purchase yarn, she found an American letter in the post-office for her—from Aaron Boulton. He informed her that she had more prescience than he, that his young wife had proved a sad disappointment, and unworthy; that she was gone from him—no matter how—never to return; that he offered to Kitty his most abject apologies, and expressed his heartfelt sorrow; that he begged of her to come back, and take charge of his house once more, and of himself, too, whom she would find a wreck, not likely to trouble the world much longer.

Kitty was truly sorry for him, yet she hesitated for a few weeks. Her pride had been very, very sorely wounded; but when, at last, she had made up her mind to go, she was stayed by a second letter—this time from her master's solicitors—announcing that Mr. Boulton, who had just



Kitty arose in her dignity.

with little else than kind friends." Mrs. Kildea's eager interest was reawakened. "Kind friends," said Kitty, "both in America and here"—with marked emphasis on *here*.

"I'm glad to hear it. In troth I'm delighted to hear it," said Mrs. Kildea, rejoicing with renewed hope.

"I can never forget *my* kind friends," Kitty said.

"Thanky, thanky, Kitty. But I beg ye'll not mention it—so far as any little kindness we have showed ye is concerned," said Mrs. Kildea modestly.

"And won't forget them," Kitty said decisively.

"It's entirely too good of ye to say so—entirely too good," Mrs. Kildea was elated at length.

"Won't forget them," repeated Kitty emphatically.

"For I'm goin' to—"

"Oh, Kitty, Kitty," Mrs. Kildea protested, "I entrate of ye not to mention or mind any little kindness myself and Rodgie have shown ye."

"I'm goin' to, as I was sayin'. goin' to pray for them night and day, in the next worl' as well as in this one."

Mrs. Kildea was utterly disgusted.

She let her emotion subside before she said, with as much calm as she could control, "Prayer is very good

ten or twelve score o' them out of the rust, and be kind to them that has been kind to you."

Kitty's face underwent several interesting changes as Mrs. Kildea unfolded to her this startling bit of information.

"Ma'am," said Kitty Kildea, "on whose authority, may I ax, have ye this?"

"The worl' knows it, as I said; and Jimmy Brannigan toul' it," said Mrs. Kildea triumphantly.

"Ma'am," said Kitty, "I'm sorry, then, to inform ye that ye've been wastin' all your kindness upon a pauper—through the rascality of that scamp Jimmy Brannigan. But likewise, Ma'am, ye'll not be imposed upon by this pauper much longer." And Kitty arose in her dignity and marched off to the room, as statelily as her comical little figure would allow. She gathered her few things together into her box, and, saying that she'd send Michael Malloy here as soon as possible to remove it and to liquidate her liabilities for three months' board and lodging at the same time, she bowed herself out—leaving poor Mrs. Kildea the most puzzled, dumb-founded, and bewildered woman in Ireland at that moment.

Kitty went to board at Michael Malloy's. She would have nothing more to do with free entertainment,

succumbed to heart disease, had bequeathed her an annuity for life of a thousand dollars, "for long and faithful services."

The countryside was *en fête*, for the great good fortune of Kitty, whom all had grown to love very much. And everyone came to wish her long life and good fortune—everyone except Mrs. Kildea, who sat at home very, very glum indeed, and very much wroth with herself. Jimmy Brannigan came only because Kitty sent him special invitation; and he was very shame-faced when he walked into her presence.

But Kitty set him at ease that night; and set him up as a carpenter the following week—a trade at which, being at length steadied, he prospered.

And though she never after could warm to the mercenary Mrs. Kildea, she was generous-hearted enough with her own money to put wee Johnnie in the way of becoming a Bishop.

And while Kitty Kildea lived to a hale old age, the poor of the parish had reason to bless her. And when she died five score of them prayed that "Kitty's soul might journey straight to God."

Jimmy Brannigan chided them for that their prayers were a wanton superfluity.

And I think they were.

THE END.





THE HOLDER OF THE WORLD'S RECORD FOR GUNNERY PRACTICE: H.M. BATTLE-SHIP "OCEAN."

DRAWN BY A. B. CULL.

*H.M.S. "Ocean," described by Captain Percy Scott, of the cruiser "Terrible," as "the most efficient battle-ship England possesses," recently beat all previous records at gunnery practice, exceeding the "Terrible's" performance by fifteen hits in the same time. The target measured 21 ft. 4 in. by 16 ft. 9 in., while the range for the heaviest ordnance was about 1900 yards, and for the smaller pieces between 1300 and 1500 yards. With her twelve 6-in. guns she fired 163 rounds, and hit the target 127 times; with her four 12-in. guns she struck the mark seventeen times out of twenty-five attempts.*



THE DEATH OF PROFESSOR VIRCHOW: THE FAMOUS SCIENTIST IN HIS LABORATORY AT THE PATHOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, BERLIN.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY THE ART REPRODUCTION COMPANY.

*By the death of Professor Rudolf Virchow, on September 5, Germany lost her most famous contemporary scientist, and a man whose political career has been of the greatest value to his countrymen. Early in the present year Professor Virchow fell heavily while alighting from an electric tramcar, and sustained injuries which at his advanced age made the case serious from the first.*



KING EDWARD'S YOUNGEST NIECE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HUGHES AND MULLINS.



H.H. PRINCESS VICTORIA EUGÉNIE OF BATTENBERG.

*The Princess is the only daughter of his Majesty's youngest sister, Princess Henry of Battenberg—better known, perhaps, as Princess Beatrice—and was born on October 24, 1887. She was the godchild of Queen Victoria and the Empress Eugénie, and, with her mother, was the constant companion of the late Sovereign. Her Highness shares her mother's love of yachting.*



# THE GREAT RAIN-STORM IN IRELAND: BELFAST UNDER WATER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE IMPERIAL PHOTO COMPANY.



GLENGALL STREET, SHOWING THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

OXFORD STREET AND ST. GEORGE'S MARKET.

GREAT VICTORIA STREET AND THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY STATION.

HOWARD STREET AND GROSVENOR ROAD.

ALBERT STREET.



# BARNET HORSE AND CATTLE FAIR.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLAYTON.



## SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

Barnet held the second of its three annual fairs on September 4, 5, and 6. There was a good show of cattle and sheep, useful Welsh ponies, Irish horses, and promising colts; while at night, in particular, there were the customary side-shows, boxing-booths, quacks, and merry-go-rounds to amuse the thousands who attended.





WITH THE STAG-HOUNDS ON EXMOOR.  
DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.





KING EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA ON BOARD HIS MAJESTY'S YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT."

*This photograph was taken on board his Majesty's yacht at Cowes on August 19, the day upon which Sir Frederick Treves took leave of the King after having been in attendance on his Majesty for eight weeks.*





THE CELEBRATION OF THE FÊTE OF ST. ROCH IN AUVERGNE: THE VILLAGE PRIEST BLESSING THE FLOCKS ON THE SUMMIT OF ST. PIERRE LA BOURLHONNE.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO.

*On the day of the fête of St. Roch, the cross is hung with foliage, and the village priest, holding a twig dipped in holy water, invokes a blessing upon the flocks.*



## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

*Alexandre Dumas: His Life and Works.* By Arthur F. Davidson, M.A. (London: Constable, 12s. 6d. net.)  
*A Son of Gad.* By John A. Steuart. (London: Hutchinson, 6s.)  
*Immortal Youth.* By Morley Roberts. (London: Hutchinson, 6s.)  
*The History and Description of Chinese Porcelain.* Cosmo Monkhouse. (London: Cassell, 30s.)  
*Memoirs of Sir Edward Blount, K.C.B.* Edited by Stuart J. Reid. (London: Longmans, 10s. 6d.)  
*The Garden of Contentment.* By Elenor Mordaunt. (London: Heinemann, 2s. 6d.)  
*Charles Dickens: His Life, Writings, and Personality.* By Frederic G. Kitton. (London: T. C. and E. C. Jack, 5s.)

This book is the evident result of three first-class qualities in an author: enthusiasm, industry, and accuracy. Indeed, it is astonishing how accurate so enthusiastic a biographer has made himself. Of his



ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

Reproduced from "Alexandre Dumas: His Life and Works," by permission of Messrs. Constable.

industry, the most apparent test is the mass of anecdotes (it might also be called a full *recueil* of Dumasiana) with which the volume is filled, and all of which have—to the best of our knowledge—the merit of historical confirmation. Especially excellent is the story of the part played by Dumas in the "trois glorieuses" of July 1830—the "Political Interlude"; but it would be impossible to select in so short a notice as this from the great bulk of good stories with which the book abounds. Nothing could be better than the interview between the King and Dumas on page 142, or the story of the cabman whose whole library consisted of a book of Statistics of the Department of the Aisne, and who had so thoroughly mastered it as to claim Dumas' attention by his knowledge of his native town and county. Of the industrious accuracy of the book, we might say more. It is not only the complete bibliography, added by way of Appendix, that strikes one—it is especially the care with which every one out of a thousand facts (for few men have been more written about or memorised) is verified from cover to cover. On this account the last chapter, entitled "The Real Dumas, and Others," is perhaps the most valuable in the book. It would be well if the method here adopted could become common in future monographs; that is, the setting apart of one division of the book in which popular errors upon the subject-matter may be separately dealt with. Mr. Davidson's work has the additional merit of a fine comprehension. He has "included" not only the personality of Dumas, but the Frenchman in that personality, and that is a very difficult thing for anyone not a Frenchman to do. "A force of nature, spontaneous, luxuriant, wasteful, uneven." These are four excellent adjectives applied to a very well chosen metaphor to fit the "great Boy," who will delight millions—we had almost added "for ever"—and yet who was so entirely innocent of literary art or even purely literary ambition.

A prefatory note to Mr. Steuart's novel gives us to understand that the author has written the book not so much for the sake of exercising his literary powers, as for the reason that he is anxious to encourage the Americanising of England and the Anglicising of America. Whether his aim is praiseworthy or otherwise, it is not for the mere reviewer to say; considered purely as a work of art, however, "A Son of Gad" is not likely to form a common bond of sympathy between the two great Anglo-Saxon peoples. Mr. Steuart has taken a colourless multimillionaire and set him down on an estate in the Highlands, next door to an irascible laird who has been bought out of house and home with American dollars. The task that the novelist sets himself is to make the Scotch sheep, so to speak, go to roost with the American eagle. A more humorous writer might, at any rate, have had some fun out of the situation; but Mr. Steuart is content to provide the millionaire with a lovely daughter and the laird with a handsome son who fall in love in a conventional way and marry in the last chapter. There are, of course, other incidents and other characters in the book, but, as none of them have anything to do with the union of the Anglo-Saxon races, it is only fair to Mr. Steuart to pass them by without comment.

A certain George Vincent Lacy was very young indeed. He lived with his mother at Ullswater, and craved for literary fame. Having a hundred a year of his own, he betook him to Chelsea, where a cousin of his, an artist, lived in a studio; and very soon Mr. Lacy was acquainted with the queer things that sometimes happen in studios, and have no relevance to art. This experience made him familiar with the wiles of Sara, who came from the greengrocer's, but was not so innocent as the commodities of that useful tradesman. Sara was a model. A sculptor translated her into rather piquant statuary, and married her. George Vincent Lacy was unaware of this marriage when she cast her spell upon him. When he discovered it, he sat down and wrote five thousand words about his novel experience, and showed them to a journalist named Fullarton, who encouraged him to expand this delectable matter into a novel. The novel was published; but instead of tasting fame, George Vincent Lacy was landed in a succession of unpleasant predicaments. For Sara read the book, and used it to make mischief with her husband, also with the lady who owned George Vincent Lacy's heart, also with another lady and another husband. We suppose that Mr. Morley Roberts wishes to warn young novelists against the peril of writing too closely to the facts. No other lesson is visible in "Immortal Youth," although Mr. Roberts is very free with philosophical reflections.

Of the making of beautiful books there is no end, and among them may be reckoned "The History and Description of Chinese Porcelain." It is edited by Dr. Bushell, a well-known authority, who in a short preface gives a graceful little appreciation of the author. The work does not pretend to state anything new upon a subject so full of doubts and difficulties as the history of what popularly is called china, a history which at one time was founded upon the supposition that the Chinese made porcelain more than four thousand years ago. We now know that, though a kind of vitrified stoneware was made in the country even much earlier, there is no real evidence that porcelain is of anything like this antiquity, and the earliest pieces of which any specimens exist go back to about a hundred years before the conquest of England by the Norman King. It is the merit of the book that it gives neatly and succinctly a history of the porcelain of the various dynasties, with a very well-written description of specimens, and it contains a great many plates, twenty-four of them beautifully reproduced in colour, and fifty-four in black-and-white. Possibly the expert will find nothing of novelty in the book, and yet it may be serviceable to him in co-ordinating his ideas; while to the amateur it brings knowledge lucidly; and the general reader will find much to interest him in curious facts which constitute the history of one of the most beautiful art products of the world, one, too, in fine specimens of which this country is very rich. An agreeable quality of the work is the really skilful word-painting of the author, who has a remarkable gift of using language so as to convey an idea of colour, even of the marvellous colours to be found in the single glaze pieces of the Lang porcelain, of the best of which few specimens can be found in this country.

Writers of memoirs may be roughly divided into three categories: those who have contributed to the making of the epochs the history of which they relate, and who, as a rule, cannot write; those who have looked on, and whose powers of detecting the factors of the world's events are almost as great as the penetrating faculties of the X rays, and who, moreover, have the talent of graphic narrative; finally, the men who are justified in electing to become their own chroniclers, not so much in virtue of their fancied literary capacity, as on account of their fear of being too glowingly represented or too vaguely drawn by this or that able book-compiler. Sir Edward Blount unquestionably belongs to the last category, and frankly, literature becomes to a certain extent the loser by this. It is not disrespect either to grammar or syntax on the venerable author's part. An Englishman who till a ripe old age keeps up an acquaintance with Horace and Virgil in the original, as Sir Edward tells us he does, is not likely to sin in the way of offending his mother-tongue. But one can imagine the book he would have produced if he had chosen to make these reminiscences less fragmentary, and welded them into one continued story with a chronological basis. Sir Edward informs us that he kept no diary. Why, in the name of all that is sensible, did he not keep such an aid to memory? At a very early stage of his career he must have become aware of two things—namely, that he was upholding with enormous dignity, pluck, and perseverance the fame of England from an industrial point of view; secondly, that Destiny had placed her finger upon him to be practically the creator of the French railway system. The absence of such a notebook, however, need not have prevented Sir Edward from giving us more of that interesting movement than he does give, for the reader will not dissent from the reviewer in thinking that in many instances the author has simply given him a paragraph where he would willingly have had a page, and a page where he would have delighted in a chapter. For, interesting as is the book from the first page to the last, the three chapters entitled respectively, "The Beginnings of French Railways," "My Railway Career in France," and "Business Friendships," must be considered as simply unique, and with the exception of their writer, there is not an Englishman, or, for the matter of that, a Frenchman, either living or dead, who could have given them. Had the three chapters been extended to as many volumes, the public would have still asked for more. These chapters are, as it were, a tribute, unconsciously supplied, to the qualities of the indomitable pioneering spirit of the whole of the

English race. The rest of the book gives us glimpses of France of the latter half of the nineteenth century, and placed as was their author, he had enormous opportunities for observing. Sir Edward's facts are invariably correct. Now and again he allows his sympathies to get the better of his clearness of vision; and, if it be a fault, he is too apt to make allowances for that aggressive French chauvinism which is so particularly distasteful to foreigners bound to live in the capital of France without possessing Sir Edward's temper, or without the influence and power of guarding themselves from the most offensive manifestations. Sir Edward had many proofs of this chauvinism, which sees in every alien not only an enemy in the making, but a potential spy; yet Sir Edward took matters easily. Chapters IX., X., and XI. are exceedingly diverting; there also one would have been glad of more.

The famous phrase addressed by Madame Roland to the statue of Liberty might well be echoed by the latter-day reviewer apostrophising that Englishwoman who wrote the Love Letters, and even more the "Elizabeth" whose delightful "German Garden" set all the world a-gardening. Those two ladies have much to answer for, and it would be hard to say which of them is the more responsible for "The Garden of Contentment," the latest addition to the prettily produced *Novelettes de Luxe*, for here we have a gardening book, cast in the form of love letters, which recall to quite a surprising degree their famous predecessors. Here and there comes a refreshing patch of real straightforward gardening lore, and then pages which might well be part of a parody of the book which set us all talking some two years ago. This is the more a pity that the writer can wax really eloquent over her flowers; and what may be called the "Rose Letter"—that dated, appropriately enough, June 10—contains several passages which cannot but delight those who are practically interested in the growing of roses, really excellent being the description of how, when, and where to bud. In this passage "Elenor," for so she signs herself to her "Dear Paul," is on sure ground, and so forgets to quote her authors, old and new—an excellent thing both for her readers and herself.

Since the publication, thirty years ago, of Forster's "Life of Charles Dickens," so much that is of importance concerning the great novelist has transpired that a new "Life" may be considered, if not a necessity, something more than a superfluity. An enthusiastic collector of Dickensiana, Mr. Kitton was eminently fitted for the task he set himself; but once again it has been proved that an acknowledged authority does not necessarily produce the most entertaining book upon the subject in which he is a specialist. The mass of facts with which he has had to deal has obviously embarrassed him, and has caused a certain lack of colour in his work, which is the more noticeable when Forster's vivid style is recalled. Mr. Kitton is nothing if not methodical, and



CHARLES DICKENS.

FROM THE PAINTING BY DANIEL MACLISE, R.A.

Reproduced from "Charles Dickens," by permission of Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack.

he traces Dickens's career literally from babyhood to the grave, a landmark being the date when, at the age of twenty-three, the publication of "Pickwick" set all the world asking, "Who is Boz?" a question which called forth an ingenious impromptu—

Who the Dickens "Boz" could be  
 Puzzled many a learned elf,  
 Till time unveiled the mystery,  
 And "Boz" appeared as Dickens' self.

The novelist's later public and private life is dealt with very fully, and Mr. Kitton's volume, if it cannot eclipse it, at least forms a useful supplement to Forster's work. That the author possesses the genius which has been described as an infinite capacity for taking pains is amply proved by his latest volume.



# THE CELEBRATION OF THE CORONATION IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY MRS. ELLYN MELLAND.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, SEPT. 13, 1902.—393

CORONATION SPORTS AT MPIKA: THE TUG OF WAR—MPIKA v. KILONGA.

*Mr. Melland, who is in charge of the Mpika Station in N.E. Rhodesia, on the highlands between Lakes Benguelo, Nyassa, and Tanganyika, kept the Coronation, on June 2nd, by organising a fête and sports for his natives. The French Father brought their natives from Kilonga, sixteen miles away, to join in the festivities. Putting the weight and the tug of war, in particular, were entered into with much zest. The flag was saluted with three volleys, and in the evening there was a native dance.*



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Lately I read of certain curious experiments which had been made abroad in the production of unconsciousness by what may be called, in a sense, artificial means. The narrative appeared in a medical journal, and related to the trick of a Burmese juggler who gave an exposition of his powers on board a steamer proceeding from Moulmein to Rangoon. The account, I may add, was supplied by a medical man. The subject was a native servant of an officer, and the experiment took place on the deck of the ship. There was no collusion between the experimenter and the subject, for they were strangers to each other, and were surrounded by the passengers and crew. Indeed, so impressed with the juggler's powers were some of the Lascars that in alarm they took to the rigging by way of securing their theoretical safety.

The subject was a native of Madras, and the illustration given was presumed to be one of the manner in which the dacoits of Burma render their victims insensible. Whether this be the case or not, the practice of the juggler was eminently successful. He seized the neck of the patient with his thumbs, one on each side. Then he compressed the soft parts of the neck below the jaw. In a few moments his subject became insensible, and fell like a log on the deck of the ship. There was much alarm naturally created, but the juggler was equal to the occasion. A handkerchief was flapped across the face of the insensible man, and he quickly recovered, although for a time he was in a dazed condition.

This narrative is extremely interesting from a scientific point of view. It relates to a subject of importance—namely, the production of insensibility, and the relations of such unconsciousness to our natural sleep. What the juggler probably did was to compress the big carotid arteries which pass up, one each side of the neck, and, by thus limiting the supply of blood to the brain, induce unconsciousness. This is an experiment which was certainly known to the ancient Greeks, and it bears a relationship to a certain theory of sleep which for long found favour in the eyes of physiologists.

In the active state of the brain, a very full supply of blood is sent to it; indeed, the brain, regarded as to its mere bulk, may be said to be supplied with blood on a more liberal scale than any other part of our frame. This full circulation is necessary for the due performance of the brain's work. Its wonderful cells demand ample nutrition, and so nature provides for this latter contingency. But when sleep comes upon us the case is altered. The activity of our brain-cells is lessened, the blood-supply is diminished, the blood-pressure is relaxed, and hence it was believed, on this view of things, that the cause of our slumbering was duly explained.

Long ago, Mr. A. Durham, as the result of his experiments, declared that an anæmic or relatively bloodless condition of the brain was the cause of sleep. There is no question of the correctness of the observation that the brain becomes anæmic when we glide into the arms of Morpheus. That which remains for consideration is whether this condition of matters is the true cause and origin of sleep, or whether it represents merely a result in itself of some antecedent state. Certainly, if we suddenly interfere with the blood supply of the brain, as did the Burmese juggler, we can produce insensibility. This latter state, however, does not represent natural sleep any more typically than does the fainting fit (due to weak action of the heart) or the apoplectic fit due to a serious alteration of the brain-circulation itself. So that we clearly see how unconsciousness may be produced by very different causes. Too little blood in the brain, or, on the other hand, too much, may result in rendering us temporarily dead to the affairs of the outer world.

There are other ways in which insensibility may be produced in an artificial fashion. A medical man relates that on one occasion he compressed certain big nerves in the neck known as the *vagi*, for the cure of hiccup, and his patient fell insensible, recovering in a very short time, and remarking that "it was an easy way of dying." This also is a familiar fact of physiology. The *vagi* regulate breathing, the heart's action, and swallowing; and pressure upon them, interfering with their action, results in the sudden pulling-up of the brain on its haunches, as it were, with unconsciousness as the result.

The fact that sleep is not a condition which stands by itself in the physiology of brain-phases deserves special note. We begin with reverie and abstraction, we pass on to sleep, while beyond it we get somnambulism or sleep-walking. So too, hypnotism intervenes in the series, being on the one side allied to sleep, and on the other to sleep-walking itself. Possibly there is some condition common to all these phases of life, some brain state whence they all originate, each taking its own particular pathway in turn. That common state is to be found, I think, in brain-cell fatigue, to be finally noticed.

That which remains for our consideration from the cases I have enumerated is the question whether or not we are yet in possession of a true theory of sleep. I think we may say that we understand at least how the mechanism of our brain-acts in inducing somnolence. The brain, we have seen, becomes anæmic when sleep invades the realm of sense, but this phase is in itself to be regarded, not as a cause, but as a result of some anterior action. What precedes the diminution of blood-supply to the sleepy brain is fatigue of the brain-cells. This last is the real cause of sleep, I imagine. When the nerve-activities begin to lapse and grow weary, the mechanism of sleep is set a-going. Then the blood-arrangements are acted upon, ordered to relax pressure, and to diminish supply. Tension is lowered, and the conscious cells lapse into the land of Nod, some of them remaining on night duty to produce our dreams and visions.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

R G S (Sydenham).—It is only possible for us to publish a selection. To give them all would obviously take up too much of our space.

W RICHARDSON (Portobello).—It cannot be solved as you suggest.

R GORDON. —Your problem is too simple.

M J H (Hampstead).—The book is not yet published, and you must remember it is only to subscribers.

G R CURTIS. —It can be obtained of the publisher, H Sotheran, Piccadilly. We believe, however, the price is advanced.

I DESANGES. —Further contribution to hand. Your previous effort is not a favourable specimen of your skill.

F W ATCHINSON. —Your attempted solution is wide of the mark.

PROBLEMS received with thanks from H Loretto, F J M G, Irving Chap'n, and F Bennett (Queensland).

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3038 received from Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 3039 from Richard Burke (Teldeniya, Ceylon) and Banarsi Das; of No. 3040 from F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells), Richard Burke (Ceylon), and J Bailey (Newark); of No. 3041 from J Bailey (Newark); of No. 3042 from H S Brandreth (Bath) and A Hall; of No. 3043 from Albert Wolff (Putney), Eugene Henry (Nunhead), Mrs. P N McGuinness (Kildare), C E Perugini, A W Evans (South Shields), J Nelson (Glossop), A G (Pancsova), and Joseph Cook.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3044 received from T Roberts, Charles Burnett, Rev. A Mays (Bedford), F J S (Hampstead), J F G Pietersen (Kingswinford), G R Curtis, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Eugene Henry, Albert Wolff (Putney), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Reginald Gordon, J Nelson (Glossop), H S Brandreth, Martin F, J W (Campsie), W A Lillico (Edinburgh), W D Easton (Sunderland), Edith Corser (Reigate), Sorrento, J Coad, C E Perugini, Shadforth, W M Eglinton (Handsworth), F H Sanders (Exeter), Alpha, R Worters (Canterbury), and J D Tucker (Ilkley).

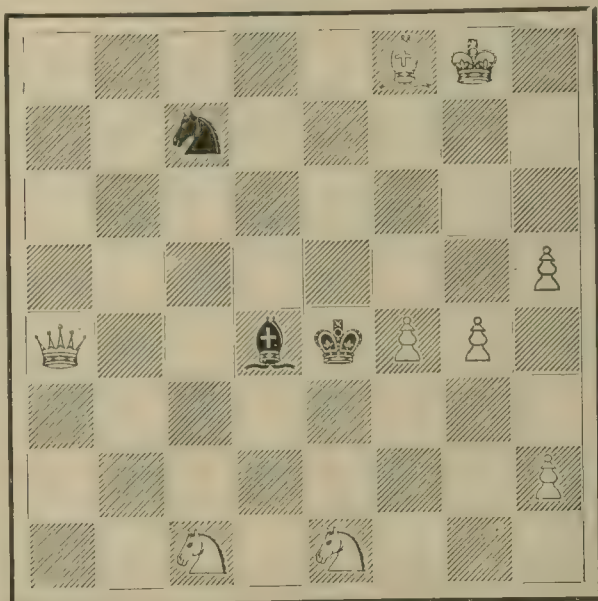
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3043.—BY MAX FEIGL.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. R to K R sq P takes Kt  
2. Kt to B 4th (ch) K moves  
3. P mates

If Black play 1. P to Q 5th, 2. Kt to B 4th (ch); if 1. Q R P moves, 2. Q to Q B sq, and 3. Q mates.

PROBLEM No. 3046.—BY E. J. WINTER WOOD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN NEW YORK.

Game played in the match between Messrs. C. Curt and J. D. Elwell.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. E.)	WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. E.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	17. P to K Kt 4th	P to R 3rd
2. Q to K 2nd		18. R to K Kt sq	Kt to K R 2nd
		19. Q R to K B sq	
A line of play favoured by M. Tschigorin, the Russian champion. It usually results in favour of the second player, and has been recently discarded.			
3. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	20. B to Kt 2nd	B to R 5
	P to K 4th	21. B takes B	B to Kt 4th
4. P to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	22. Q Kt to B 3rd	Q takes B
5. P to K Kt 3rd		23. P to K R 4th	Q to K 2nd
		24. P to Kt 5th	R to B 5th
A strong move now. White might have played 3. P to K B 4th or P to Q 3rd.			
		25. P takes P	Q R to K B sq
6. P to Q 3rd	P to B 4th	26. B to R 3rd (ch)	
7. P takes P	P takes P	27. B takes B	Kt to K 2nd
8. B to Kt 2nd	Kt to B 3rd	28. R to Kt 3rd	Kt to B 2nd
9. Castles	Kt to B 2nd	29. Q R to K Kt sq	Kt to B 3rd
10. P to K R 3rd	P to K sq		
11. Kt to R 2nd	Q to Kt 3rd	Black must have well examined the results of this apparently risky play.	
12. B to K 3rd	R to K 3rd	25. P takes P	P takes P
		26. B to R 3rd (ch)	K to R sq
13. Kt to Q 2nd	P to Q R 3rd	27. B takes B	Q takes B
14. K to R sq	P to Kt 4th	28. R to Kt 3rd	Kt to K 2nd
15. P to Kt 3rd	Kt to K R 4th	29. Q R to K Kt sq	Kt to B 3rd
16. B to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	30. R to Kt 7th	R to B 2nd
		31. R (Kt 7) to Kt 2	Kt takes K P
		32. Q to K 3rd	P to B 4th
		33. Kt to Kt 4th	Kt to Q 4th
		34. Q to K sq	Kt (Q 4) tks P
		35. Kt (B 3) to R 2	P to K R 4th
		36. P to B 3rd	P takes Kt
		37. P takes Kt	Kt takes K P
			White resigns.

## CHESS IN HANOVER.

Game played between Messrs. F. J. MARSHALL and W. E. NAPIER.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. N.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. N.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	17. Q takes P	Q R to Kt sq
2. P to Q 4th	P to K 4th	18. P to B 4th	Q to K 2nd
		19. P to B 5th	Kt to Kt 2nd
3. P takes K P	P to Q 5th	20. P takes K P	B to K 4th
4. Kt to K B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd	21. R to B 2nd	K R to Q sq
5. Q Kt to Q 2nd		22. Q R to K B sq	K to R sq
		23. B to Kt 5th	Q to B 4th
6. P to K Kt 3rd	B to K 3rd	24. B takes Kt (ch)	B takes B
7. B to Kt 2nd	P to K Kt 3rd	25. K to Kt 2nd	B to Kt 2nd
8. Kt to Kt 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	26. Q takes P	Q to B 5th
		27. Q to Kt 3rd	Q takes P (ch)
		28. Q to B 3rd	Q to Q Kt 5th
It will be found that Black's Q P is of more value than White's Q B P. Hence White plays to capture it, so as to get a free development later.			
9. Q Kt takes P	B takes B P	29. Q takes P	Q R to Kt sq
10. Kt takes Kt	B to Q 4th	30. P to Kt 3rd	Q to K 2nd
11. Q to R 4th (ch)	P to B 3rd	31. P to Q Kt 4th	R to Kt 3rd
12. P to K 4th	B to K 3rd	32. Q to K 4th	R (Kt 3) to Q 3
13. Kt takes B	P takes Kt	33. R to B 7th.	R to Q 7th (ch)
14. Castles	B takes P	34. K to R sq	Q to Q 3rd
		35. P to K 7th	R to K sq
15. Q to Kt 3rd	Q to K 2nd	36. Q to K 6th	Q to Q 6th
16. B to R 3rd	K to B 2nd	37. R to B 8th (ch)	B takes R
17. B to K 3rd		38. Q to K 5th (ch), and mates in two more moves.	

## THE COST OF COMMISSIONS.

BY HORACE WYNDHAM.

The question of the expenses to which officers of the British Army are subjected by the necessity of maintaining their positions therein has formed the subject of many Committees of Inquiry. The matter has also occasionally engaged the attention of other Committees not expressly appointed to deal with it. For example, the lately issued report of the one on Military Education devotes several pages to the discussion of this important subject, a number of witnesses giving evidence, and their opinions being fully examined.

To say off-hand what should be the limit of the private income which will enable an officer—of, at any rate, the lower ranks—to support his position with credit, is impossible. It depends entirely on circumstances and individual tastes. Some regiments are more expensive than others—owing to the standard of living being higher—while no two men have the same ideas of economy. Thus, one man may drink beer and smoke shag from preference, while another may have cultivated an unfortunate taste for rarer vintages and more costly brands of tobacco, and yet be free from the reproach of extravagance. Speaking generally, however, it may be laid down that a subaltern or captain requires at least £100 a year over and above his pay to enable him to keep out of debt, and to live in the style which the possession of the King's commission demands of him. Of course there are men who contrive to do without this allowance, but as they will almost invariably be found to be serving in Departmental corps, or in the Colonies or India (where the rate of pay is higher than it is in the United Kingdom) their cases need not be taken into consideration.

Where the mounted branch is concerned, the necessity of possessing substantial private means is naturally more serious than it is in the unmounted one. On this point the Committee already referred to are emphatic. Thus, in the report in question they do not hesitate to write: "The main thing that is now necessary is that the Cavalry candidate should have a private income of not less than £400 to £700 a year, according to the regiment to which he may be posted. Many most desirable candidates are lost to the Cavalry for the mere reason that the costly life in that arm is prohibitive to all men with moderate means." This is a grave pronouncement, and one that should certainly give pause to those who have the best interests of the Army in their keeping.

The chief reason for the greater expense entailed in supporting a commission in the Cavalry, is the higher standard of living that obtains therein. When wealthy tradesmen are enabled—and take advantage of their ability to do so—to send their sons into crack corps, it is practically impossible to keep the expenses within limits that may be met by men of gentle birth and small banking accounts. Theoretically speaking, just as the pace of a charge should be accommodated to that of the slowest horse taking part in it, so should the average cost of living in a Cavalry regiment never exceed that which the poorest member can afford. When, however, men with several hundreds—or thousands—a year to spend as they please, go into a corps for the admitted purpose of having a "good time," their less-fortunately placed comrades-in-arms must necessarily suffer. The cost of entertaining—which, in the Cavalry, is done on an almost lavish scale—has to be shared among all, as have also the heavy expenses in keeping up what the wealthy are pleased to term the "credit" of the regiment. Then, as everyone knows, a Cavalry officer's uniform is far more elaborate than that of an Infantry one, while the initial cost and the maintenance of his first and second chargers make demands upon him that his professional income is quite inadequate to meet.

With a view to removing as far as possible the disadvantages under which the Cavalry officer, who, though not a rich man, is otherwise eligible, must necessarily labour, the Committee in question make a number of recommendations. Foremost among these are that such fertile causes of expense as polo tournaments and regimental coaches should be brought to an end forthwith. They are careful to observe that they have no wish to abolish polo in the Army, but that their objection is merely to the holding of inter-regimental tournaments, as this is now carried to such lengths that it entails the purchase of high-priced ponies. Another sound recommendation they put forward is that the Government should provide horses for all officers who choose to ride them, and that subalterns should be forbidden to ride any but such animals on parade. By their means a good deal could undoubtedly be done to check the tendency of young officers to acquire chargers that are expensive rather than useful. Perhaps, however, the best suggestion of all is the Committee's final one. This is to the effect that "those commanding-officers who are unable to keep the mess expenses of their regiments at such level that it will be possible for young officers of moderate means to live comfortably in them, should be removed from their commands." Such a "reform" as this is one worthy of the name.

As it is only natural to find, several of these recommendations are being viewed with strong disfavour by those who—possessing ample private incomes—have gone into the Cavalry for purposes any but those of making it a profession. In the prohibiting of polo and the keeping of regimental packs, for example, they affect to see an attempt to substitute such milder pastimes as dominoes and the breeding of canaries, etc. This, of course, is quite the wrong point of view from which to regard the matter, and officers doing so have no real place in a profession which it is imperative should be open only to men of brains and energy. The sooner, indeed, the Army is purged of them, the better it will be for the country at large.

That the military authorities are animated by a sincere desire to reduce the cost of suitably maintaining a commission has just been evidenced in rather a striking fashion. This takes the form of a decision to furnish officers' quarters and mess-rooms at the expense of the Government, instead of at that of those using them. The new plan is to come into effect from January next.



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## LADIES' PAGE.

Why have human beings so unconquerable a desire to pry into the future? If misfortune awaits us, why should we know it and taste the bitterness of it before the cup is pressed to our lips? If good fortune is destined for us, will it not be all the sweeter for coming as a surprise? No doubt the fact is that we all of us dread the future more or less, and the desire of the client of the fortune-teller and the astrologer is to be comfortably assured that the coming years hold no conspicuous calamity. But is it



FOR AUTUMN WEAR: A TWEED COAT,  
WITH STRAPPINGS OF SMOOTH CLOTH.

worth while, one might say, to those who believe that the thick veil hung over the future can be penetrated—is it worth while to encounter the possibility of knowing the future sorrows of life, in order possibly to attain the far less probable assurance of good? Yet fortune-tellers flourish, and foolish girls of all degrees do not wait to ask themselves if it is probable that the designs of Providence will be made known beforehand to designing and self-interested commonplace people, who will be allowed to communicate their foreknowledge to its subject for a few shillings. This is the true point of view from which to argue against the modern craze—or, rather, the craze of all times—for fortune-telling by various means.

It is idle to talk as though it were a height of folly of which only the feeblest minded can be guilty to suppose that the future might possibly be fore-known. I do not say that such possibility is a rational belief to hold; but the mere fact that fatalism is the creed of whole races of mankind numbering millions of persons, as well as of a large sect in our own midst, makes it only shallow arrogance to pretend that it is not possible for any sensible person to hold this belief; and if the fate be indeed fixed beforehand, there is nothing inherently improbable in some person being allowed to perceive and give a hint of what is to be. Hence it is among the Eastern races, who do thoroughly believe that, in the words of Sir Walter Scott, "what is written on the brow at birth must be fulfilled," that all kinds of divination and fortune-telling are most followed. All the same, it is certainly great foolishness to suppose that any stray practitioner of this art for gain is at all likely to have a useful message to tell. There are many cases of much mischief being done in the mind by believing in soothsayers; although perhaps seldom does the weakness come to the point of the poor young woman who drowned herself the other day, because a fortune-teller had predicted that she would be divorced from her husband. Everybody heard of the confident predictions of some of these people when the King lay ill that he would never be crowned; and, if only as a check to superstition, and the power which it bestows upon unworthy persons, it is fortunate that predictions so currently repeated should have been proved false.

Everybody is sorry to hear that the strain of the last few months has told to some extent on the Queen's health. People who have never experienced it do

not understand how great is the pressure upon the nerves, even of those who are accustomed to public appearances, of the strain of the attention of great masses of people impinging upon a central figure. No doubt this becomes to some extent easier by being habitually borne; and those who have been born in the purple, and accustomed from infancy to attracting all eyes, are not so sensitive to the nervous pressure of the concentrated attention of a crowd as are those to whom it is a rare experience. Yet even Queen Victoria, with her life-long habit of bearing this attention, scarcely ever went through a great public function in the last ten or twelve years of her life without so far breaking down under the strain as to weep. On several occasions during the occurrences of the 1887 Jubilee and afterwards, I saw the tears stealing down the aged Sovereign's cheeks in public as though she were quite unconscious of them; and later on this touching weakness became even more apparent. We know little about the mental powers and what they are influenced by, but the discovery of wireless telegraphy has given a great impetus to the study of thought-transmission, or telepathy; and science is now willing to admit, what practical experience must have already told everybody accustomed to public appearances, that there is some transmission of nervous force from a great crowd to the central figure of attention. In the Danish home which Queen Alexandra is now revisiting, there is a window upon which one after another of her family have written with their diamond rings in remembrance of their visits at various dates. The prevailing sentiment is an expression of happiness in the perfect peace—that is to say, the privacy—that the royal personages have there enjoyed. Doubtless the luxury of being in this place of rest after the stirring and trying events of the past season will be more than ever appreciated by the Queen.

Certainly the foreign watering-places, whether inland or by the sea, are much more attractive resorts than the British ones. But why? It is not quite easy to say. Of course, there is always the climate, so muggy, changeable, and unreliable here by comparison with that of the Continent. Then abroad there are the Casinos and public gardens. These are imitated here to some extent, but it is precisely that direction in which the great difference between the foreign pleasure-resorts and our own becomes most visible. On the Continent, the best people can attend these places and actually do join in all the diversions. Here, a Casino is at once distinctly vulgar. I wonder if the reason may be that in our small island we can never be far away from some large town, whence the masses can escape, at a cost of a few shillings, and make themselves the predominant element everywhere. Boulogne and Ostend are exceptions to this general rule on the Continent; they are so full of English visitors, reinforced by such a mixed company from elsewhere, that they are quite unlike fashionable resorts such as Trouville, Homburg, and Aix-les-Bains. At these latter, the genuine pleasure-resorts, everybody appears to be well dressed, well conducted, and mostly well bred. The English who are there are chiefly of the better classes; the French women, the Austrians, and the Germans are all more or less smart and well clad; the whole tone is one of brightness and gaiety, with a complete absence of a mob element. The difference can only be accounted for by the proximity to great towns of nearly all English resorts.

Of course, the smarter dress alone makes the foreign places more interesting. The French and Austrian women in particular have such good taste in dress! The little items that finish off the toilette, and make it becoming and distinctive, are attended to so much better by them than by ourselves. The way the Frenchwoman in particular finishes off her waist, tilts her hat to the angle that is most becoming on her coiffure, done after the fashion that best suits her, and adds the many little dainty details that complete the costume, is a continuous interest to observe. The French themselves, by the way, expect more from a native of their Metropolis than from other women. "She is a true Parisienne," they say, in quite respectful tones, when a woman is observed who is always well though very varyingly costumed. The French have a great sense of fitness in dress; but they do not think that really smart clothes are unfit to be worn in hotels, at the Casino, and on the *Plage*, at the suitable times of day.

Here are a few of the gowns noted at a recent concert at the Casino at Aix-les-Bains. A capital black dress was in a very open grenadine or canvas placed over mauve silk; there was a bolero of black lace upon the same mauve silk; this was edged round with folds of mauve chiffon trimmed with jet, which formed a narrow fringe. Round the skirt there was a row of black lace appliqué embroidered with mauve silk, and laid over mauve, to give just a touch of colour. Then came a purple-and-white satin foulard, with four rows of lace insertion carried round the skirt below a multitude of downways tucks; it had a bodice formed chiefly of tucks relieved with plenty of lace. A blue-and-white spotted gauze came next, made with a multitude of small flounces round the feet; it had a high belt of pale-blue taffetas, with a tucked bodice bloused in the front, and edged with bands of blue cambric embroidered in white; the vest inside the blouse was of pale-blue taffetas pleats. A grey taffetas was trimmed with strappings of chené ribbon going straight down the skirt, the prevailing colour being mauve, and this was criss-crossed from the waist to the knee with lines of the very narrowest pale-blue velvet ribbon; the corsage was similarly treated, and was finished with a very wide collar of Irish crochet laid over mauve, a large bow of Pompadour ribbon closing it on the bosom; the little vest above this was of white chiffon. A dress in black-and-white pekin stripes cut to run round the figure had a narrow front breadth of white satin, laced across from side to side with black velvet ribbon. This was arranged Princess-fashion from throat to hem. It was worn with a black chiffon hat of Rubens shape, decorated with a multitude of small white ostrich feathers. This *tout ensemble* was perhaps, after all, the smartest of many smart gowns.

Bright-red cloth has been a good deal used at the French *Plages*. It is specially permissible under these circumstances, but it is likely to be worn also in Paris for the autumn. This colour becomes less obtrusive when it is strapped with black and worn with a black cravat, or when black velvet is introduced into the design, even if it but be in the form of a waistbelt and collar-band, and a chou somewhere upon the bodice. Linen trimmings are rather a feature on cloth gowns. Sometimes they are used as strappings, but sometimes the linen is decoupé, and laid on flatly, or set slightly full as flounces. It is rather to be spoken of as a novelty than as a desirable feature to adopt, for there is something incongruous about the mixture. But "anything for a change" might be the motto of the modiste, for every change gives her profit. There are innumerable smart collars prepared for the coming season. It seems to be admitted that no matter how "serious" the colour and the material of the dress may be, a collar may be worn with it that is ever so smart. A light-grey tweed mixture gown, made by one of the best Dublin dressmakers for the last Horse Show, had a wide collar of Irish lace sparkling all over with jewelled embroideries. Another dress from the same house was in pastel-blue tweed, strapped with itself, and it had a collar covered with embroideries of gold thread and jet beads.

Embroidery has been so much used lately upon dresses that it is no wonder that many women are making their favourite fancy-work take the form of collars or bands of trimming, which can be utilised by the dressmaker upon their smart autumn gowns. Encouragement is to be given to those who profess this art by the old Guild or "Worshipful Company of Broderers," who are going to hold an exhibition of work, at which prizes of the aggregate value of some hundreds of pounds will be given, with the additional advantage of the exhibitor being at liberty to offer the work for sale, if she so desires. Some of the classes will be only suitable for professional workers; for the prizes for large figures, with the faces and hands worked in embroidery, and other pieces, probably only trained embroiderers will wish to compete. But there is a class for "Embroidery applied to any article of ornament or utility," and this includes trimmings for dresses. Queen Elizabeth, who patronised embroidery so lavishly on her own costumes, gave the Worshipful Company of Broderers their charter. Modern



FOR AUTUMN WEAR: A TWEED COAT,  
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embroidery owes its renaissance mainly to Princess Christian, who has given her own special care, and has also obtained the constant patronage of the late and present Sovereigns, to the Royal School of Art Needlework. If any of my readers wish to know more about the forthcoming exhibition they can obtain particulars from the Clerk of the Broderers Company, 13, St. Swithin's Lane, London.

Our Illustrations show the loose coats which will be chosen by some women for autumn wear. They are made in light fancy tweed, and trimmed with fancy cord ornaments; while the one is further adorned with bands of Japanese embroidery, and the other with strappings of a harmonious smooth cloth. FILOMENA.



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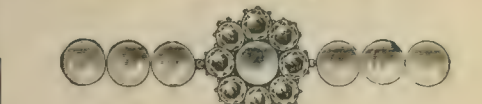
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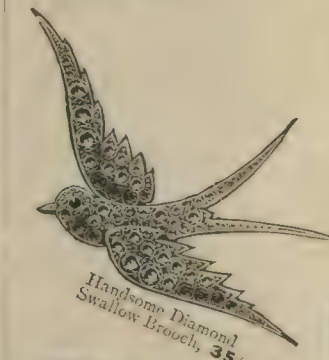
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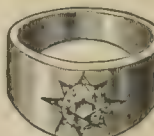
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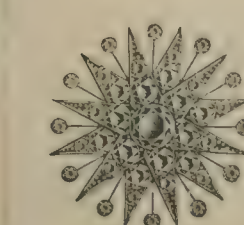
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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Peterborough has been gaining strength during his residence at Walmer Castle, but his doctors are of opinion that he should not undertake the full discharge of his active duties till Easter of next year. Bishop Mitchinson will therefore continue the work he has been carrying on, under the Bishop's commission, since the accident, and the Rev. L. J. Percival will attend to the Bishop's private correspondence.

The Bishop of Brisbane in his recent sermons has been earnestly appealing on behalf of his diocese. He says that the terrible drought in Australia, and the consequent distress, forced him to come to England for assistance in Church work. As the result of seven rainless years, they have lost in that colony three millions of cattle and twelve millions of sheep. Much poverty exists, as the people have been so unfortunate in their staple industry.

The Bishop of Dover has left Homburg for Switzerland, and will not return to Canterbury until the end of September. He has greatly benefited in health by his visit to Homburg.

One of the brightest and most up-to-date of South London parish magazines is that of All Saints, South Lambeth. The September issue contains signed articles by the Bishop of Western China and the Vicar, Canon Allen Edwards. The editor has something of Mark Tapley about him, which must be invaluable in a poor parish during a wet summer. Under the heading, "Some Advantages of a Rainy Season," he quotes from a *Lancet* article about the good effect of sharp rainstorms on the air of London.

Dr. H. W. Watson, who has resigned the living of Berkswell, which he has held since 1865, was in his young days a celebrated mountaineer, and was one of the founders of the Alpine Club. He has had a distinguished

career as scholar and author, and his preaching gifts were also remarkable.

The dismantling of Westminster Abbey will occupy two months, and it is not expected that the building can be opened for public worship until mid-October. It was on April 1 that the Dean and Chapter admitted the representatives of the Office of Works to the Abbey and

journey to the Philippines. He is to visit China and Japan before returning to America. His daughter, Mrs. Crowell, who is an accomplished musician, will help him in his mission tours.

The C.M.S. will hold an important meeting at Exeter Hall on Wednesday evening, Oct. 1, when a valedictory address will be given to departing missionaries by the Rev. G. S. Karney, Vicar of St. John's, Paddington. The stations to which the missionaries are proceeding are in Egypt, Palestine, India, and Mauritius. Bishop Taylor Smith will address them at a service in St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street, on Oct. 2. The missionaries who are going to Africa, Ceylon, China, and Japan will bid farewell to their friends at Exeter Hall on the evening of the same day.

London Nonconformist preachers are now returning to their pulpits after the holidays. One of the earliest to begin his autumn work was Dr. Horton. On the last Sunday evening in August he preached a very striking sermon on the fall of the Campanile at Venice. Dr. Horton visited Venice little more than a year ago, and is one of the many travellers who have climbed the long, gradual ascent to the wire-protected platform on the top.

The demolition of Christ's Hospital will not, as some had feared, cause the abandonment of the ancient civic customs on St. Matthew's Day. The Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and the Governors of the Royal Hospitals will

be present at Divine service in Christ Church, Newgate Street, at 11 a.m. on Sept. 21. After the service the lists of the Governors will, according to custom, be presented to the Chief Magistrate of the City.

The Bishop of Salisbury dedicated, on Sept. 7, a stone font and oak cover set up in St. Thomas's Church, Salisbury, as a memorial to the late Rev. William John Birkbeck, who was for four years vicar of the parish.—V.



Photo. A. Macdonald, Fort William.

## THE KING'S SCOTTISH CRUISE: HIS MAJESTY'S YACHT IN ONICH BAY.

The beauty of the sunset on the evening on which their Majesties arrived in the Bay was enthusiastically commented upon by the King, who remarked that seldom, if ever, before had he beheld a scene at once so magnificent and enchanting.

closed it to the public. But for his Majesty's illness, Divine worship would have been resumed by the end of August. In accordance with the anxious desire of the King, nothing was touched for the Coronation that could possibly be left untouched, and the permanent interests of the fabric have in no way suffered.

Dr. Pentecost is expected in London at the end of September, and early in October he will start on his long

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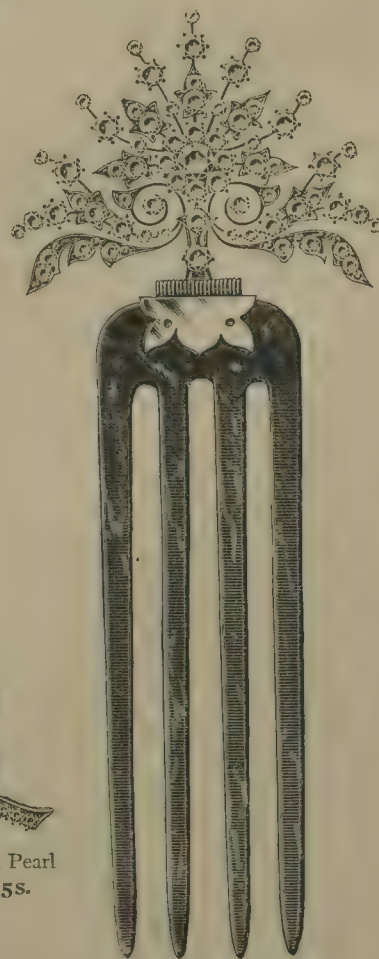


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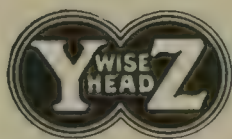
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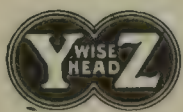




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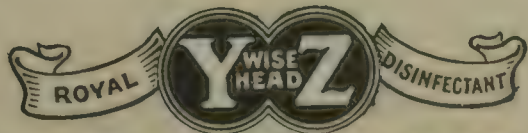
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Photo. Isaac and Kidders, Oban.

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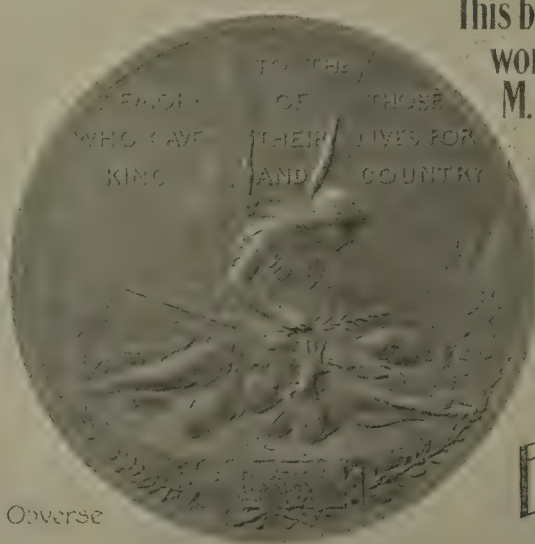
The "Victoria and Albert" anchored at Ballachulish on the evening of August 29, much to the disappointment of the people of Oban, who confidently expected a royal visit. On the Saturday his Majesty visited Kinlochmore, the shooting-lodge of the Forest of Mamore, but a contrary wind caused the abandonment of the deer drive.

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## ART NOTES.

Landscape-painters are having a bad season, disturbed in their out-of-door work by the constant rains of a summer which set in with more than that "usual severity" noted of summers in general by Horace Walpole. From Scotland to Devonshire the complaints come; but the English artists who have been at work abroad—in the Tyrol, in Venice, in Holland, and in France—have a better account to give of themselves.

Portrait-painters, comparatively independent of the weather, promise to make a good show at next year's galleries. Mr. Sargent, whose visit to Italy is a holiday one, has already a notable batch of canvases either completed or in hand. His sitters include the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Warwick, Lady Dudley, Mrs. Chamberlain, and, for a second portrait, the Duchess of Sutherland, this time in her Coronation robes.

The Hon. John Collier has painted a portrait of Dean Hannah, which will go to Brighton next month as a memorial of the Dean's vicariate there.

There has been much discussion, resulting in a rare unanimity of opinion, among art critics and experts as to the merits of a picture now to be seen at the Carfax Gallery, in Ryder Street, St. James's. This is Piero di Cosimo's "Battle of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ," vastly important as being one of the few very considerable and undoubtedly genuine works of "that rare Italian master." The opportunity for its purchase is under grave consideration by the trustees of the National Gallery.

The nation could call this well-known work its own for a sum which would, no doubt, place it among the thirty most costly of our national pictures; but it would rank certainly among the first to be sought out for study by the student of the history of painting. Painted on a panel, it measures 101½ in. in length, while its height is only 27½ in., a shape characteristic of the artist whose genius so delighted in the arrangement and effect of triumphal processions. Its condition—a great point—is equal to national demands.

Mr. Watts's portrait of the late Mr. Thomas Graham has just been added to the Royal Society's gallery of paintings.

Edward Ellerker Williams (not Elliker, as the "Dictionary of National Biography" has it) is known mostly as the friend of Shelley and Byron, as the husband of that "Jane" in whose honour Shelley wrote "The Invitation," "The Recollection," and other poems, and, finally, as the companion of the poet in the *Don Juan* when it was wrecked in the Gulf of Spezia. A reminder of him in another capacity is, however, at hand. He was a water-colour painter of unusual skill for an amateur, and the reproduction of a portrait of himself is to be published by Mr. Elkin Mathews as a frontispiece for the *Journal*, kept by Williams during 1821 and 1822, and now published in entirety under the editorship of Dr. Garnett—for the first time. In this drawing Williams is shown as if at work on his journal, pen in hand. The plate is a little stained; but these stains make history. They are the

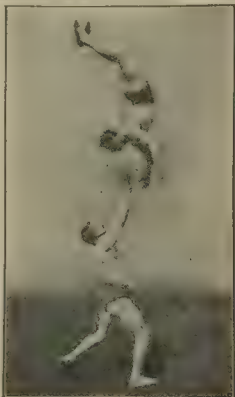
effects of the sea-water upon the original drawing, which, like the rest of the diary, was recovered from the water after the loss of the *Don Juan*.

The exhibition season has begun in the provinces, and is, as might be expected, a good deal concerned with pictures familiar to Londoners during the spring and summer at Burlington House. In Manchester the City Art Gallery, reopened to the public this week, contains Mr. Von Herkomer's portrait of Lord Egerton of Tatton, Mr. Stanhope Forbes's "Off to Skibbereen," Mr. La Thangue's "Sunset in Provence," Mr. Tuke's "Run Home," and Mr. Alfred East's "Poplars"—all from Piccadilly. Mr. Adrian Stokes, Mr. Aumonier, Mr. Stott, Mr. Furse, and Mr. Weatherbee are also noticeable among the artists whose work is happily represented. Mr. Gladstone, himself a Lancashire man, was once a great force in Lancashire politics; and that, perhaps, is why Sir William Richmond has sent to Manchester his portrait of Mr. Gladstone, marked "for sale."

The St. John's Wood Art Schools, founded and long conducted by Mr. A. A. Calderon, are now to have new principals—Mr. E. C. Clifford, R.I., and Mr. C. M. Orchardson, of the Berry Art Schools, in Elm Tree Road. It is announced that these two academies are to be united, and that with Messrs. Clifford and Orchardson is to be associated Mr. Bernard E. Ward. Medals and scholarships—one of them the gift of Mr. Orchardson, R.A., who takes a paternal interest in the classes—will be competed for; and the name of Mr. George Frampton, R.A., is down upon the list of "visitors."

## THE GYMNASTS.

The accompanying illustration is not an uncommon feat for professional gymnasts, but is one of those performances which, although old, has not lost its interest. Few, perhaps, realise the rapidity with which the trapeze artist swings from bar to bar, or from one comrade to another. All the more noteworthy, then, is such an illustration as that which is now reproduced from an original photograph several times larger. There is no great trouble in obtaining negatives of similar subjects on a small scale, but the difficulties are enormously increased when quarter-plates or larger sizes are used. With suitable apparatus, however, these difficulties disappear, and with reasonable care excellent results are ensured. Even the novice in photography knows the difficulty of obtaining satisfactory negatives when he is using the speed of anything over a hundredth of a second. The results are shadowy—mere ghosts of what they should be—and any rapidly moving objects, such, for instance, as the present performers, are represented by an indistinct blur extending across the plate. For such a fault there may be several reasons, but two causes of failure can here be given. The lens may be so slow that any fast exposure is impossible, and the shutter may also have the same defect. A good hand camera should have a lens such as the Goerz Double Anastigmat, which, at its fullest opening—i.e., greatest rapidity—will even enable pictures to be taken in RAINY WEATHER.



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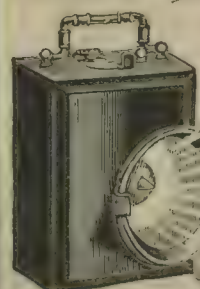
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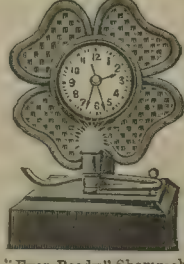
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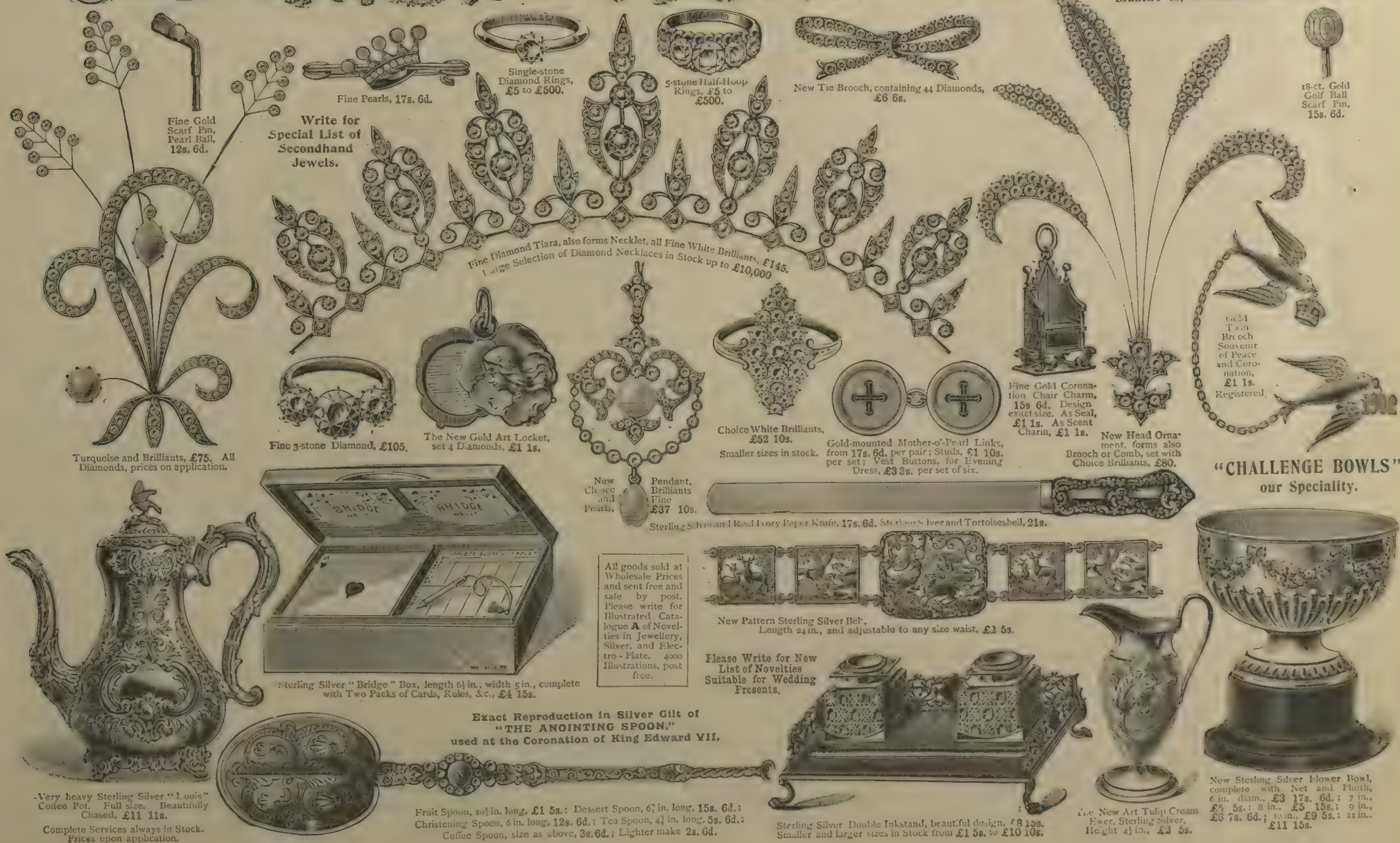
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 28, 1902), with three codicils (of May 15 and 31, and July 4 following), of Mr. Joseph Pyke, of Devonshire Place House, Marylebone Road, who died on July 15, was proved on Aug. 27 by Avigdor Lewis Birnstingl, Russell Spokes, and Lazarus Simon Magnus Pyke, the son, the value of the estate being £178,728. The testator bequeaths £500 to, and £9000 in trust, for his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Mary Pyke; £6000, in trust, for his son Manuel Castello; £3000, in trust, for his son Joseph Bond; £1000, in trust, for his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Hetty Pyke; £200, and an annuity of £500 to his daughter Charlotte; £3000 to his daughter Mrs. Cordelia Birnstingl; £2000 to his daughter-in-law Mildred; £1000 to his daughter-in-law Annie Maud; £500 to the London Hospital on the condition that one of his grandsons is appointed a life governor; £100 each to the Jews' Deaf and Dumb Institution, the Society for the Relief of the Indigent Blind, and the Poor Jews' Shelter (Leman Street); and other legacies. A sum of £20,000 is to be made up, and one moiety held in trust for his son Joseph Bond; and the other moiety, as to £2000, in trust for his grandson Joseph; and the remainder thereof, in trust, for his son Tom Joseph, for life, and then for his grandsons Joseph and Lewis. The residue of his property he leaves as to one third to his daughter Mrs. Cordelia Birnstingl;

one fourth, in trust, for his son Lazarus Simon; one sixth, in trust, for his son William Marcus; and one fourth between his grandchildren.

The will (dated Feb. 23, 1891), with a codicil (dated March 30, 1896), of Mr. Wilfred Hans Loder, J.P., D.L., of 49, Cadogan Square, and High Beeches, Sussex, a partner in the banking firm of Prescott, Dimsdale, and Co., who died on Aug. 19, was proved on Sept. 2 by George Duncan Rowe and Charles Guerin Crofts, the executors, the value of the estate being £103,262. The testator settles his Sussex property and a sum of £35,000 on his son Giles Harold for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male, and his pictures and furniture are to be devolve as heirlooms therewith. He gives £20,000 each to his sons; such a sum as with their share of two sums of £75,000 and £100,000 will make up £40,000 to each of his daughters; £1000 and part of the household furniture to his wife, Mrs. Winifred Sarah Loder; £500 each to his executors; £1000 to the Cheyne Hospital for Children, Chelsea; £500 to the Sussex County Hospital; and £100 to the Eton Mission Fund, Hackney Wick. The residue of his property he leaves to his sons.

The will (dated Dec. 6, 1899), with a codicil (dated Oct. 4, 1900), of Mr. Cadwallader John Bates, of Langley Castle, Northumberland, who died on March 18, has been proved by Mrs. Josephine Bates, the widow, and

John Crawford Hodgson, the executors, the value of the estate being £93,789. The testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and after her death for such uses in favour of the descendants of his grandfather John Moore Bates as she shall appoint, and in default of appointment for his brother, Charles Loftus Bates, for life, with remainder to his eldest son.

The will (dated Jan. 31, 1899) of Mr. Charles Murless, of West Hatch, Chigwell, who died on Aug. 14, was proved on Sept. 2 by Mrs. Annie Murless, the widow, Miss Mary Louise Murless the daughter, and Henry Owen Murless, the son, the executors, the value of the estate being £83,372. The testator gives £500 and the household and domestic effects to his wife, and subject thereto leaves all his property, in trust, for her for life, and then in equal shares for his children.

The will (dated Feb. 19, 1902) of Mr. Patrick Fleming Evans, of 54, Longridge Road, Earl's Court, and the Temple, Recorder of Newcastle-under-Lyme, who died on June 16, was proved on Aug. 28 by Mrs. Alice Emily Evans, the widow, and Dr. George Wayland Ancrum, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £47,655. The testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then in equal shares for his children.

The will (dated March 25, 1901), with two codicils (dated March 13 and May 13, 1902), of Mr. William

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## Clarke's

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

## Blood Mixture,

THE WORLD-FAMED BLOOD PURIFIER AND RESTORER,

IS WARRANTED to Cleanse the Blood from all Impurities from whatever cause arising. For ECZEMA, SCURVY, SCROFULA, BAD LEGS, ULCERS, GLANDULAR SWELLINGS, SKIN and BLOOD DISEASES, BOILS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES and SORES of all kinds, its Effects are Marvellous. It is the only real Specific for GOUT and RHEUMATIC Pains, for it removes the cause from the Blood and Bones.

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It is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age, and the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the world, price 2s. 9d. per bottle, and in cases containing six times the quantity, price 11s., sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long-standing cases.—BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS AND SUBSTITUTES.

**S. SMITH & SON, 9, STRAND**

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Jewellers and Clockmakers.

"STRAND" HALF-CHRONOMETER.

18-ct. GOLD, Crystal Glass, £13 15s.

Full or Half Hunting Cases, £16 16s.

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OF THIS WATCH.

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Non-Magnetic, £1 1s. extra.

Holds Premier Position for Price and Quality throughout the World.



Fig. 1



Fig. 2

Grand Prix Paris 1900

For High Power,

Large Field, and

Exquisite Definition

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HAVE NO EQUAL

"Once focussed always ready."

Fig. 1.—With Simultaneous Focussing Adjustment.

Power, 8 times, £8 10s. net.

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BY ROYAL WARRANT TO  
HIS MAJESTY THE KING

1893

DATE ON CAPSULE  
SHOWS AGE OF WHISKY.

BY ROYAL WARRANT TO  
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# "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY

Age and genuineness guaranteed by the Canadian Government.  
OBTAINABLE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

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(Established 1849.)

**Self-Propelling MERLIN CHAIRS.**  
INVALIDS' COMMODE CHAIRS, SPINAL COUCHES AND CARRIAGES, BED-RESTS, LEG-RESTS, CRUTCHES, RECLINING CHAIRS, BED-TABLES, AND EVERY DESCRIPTION OF FURNITURE FOR THE USE OF INVALIDS.

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**ILKLEY COUCHES**  
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**SPINAL CARRIAGES FOR CHILDREN & ADULTS.**

**CARRYING CHAIRS.**  
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**LEVESON'S VICTORIA INVALID'S CARRIAGE** with self-guiding front wheel.

**BATH-CHAIRS, WITH HOOD AND WINDOW.**

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THE "CANOE," on Cee Spring, in White or Light Tan Colour.

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**PALMITINE**  
FOR DINING & DRAWING ROOMS

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"'Golden Pelican' Tobacco . . . is pleasantly flavoured and not too strong for the average smoker." "The Major" in "TO-DAY."

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Small sample, post free, for 6 stamps.

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MILD MEDIUM & FULL.  
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# PELICAN

Finest Smoking Tobacco

**TETLEY & SONS**  
2, Boar Lane, Leeds.

## The Plague of Nerves.

At some time or another most people suffer from a breakdown in the Nervous system. Overwork, worry, and excess of pleasure are responsible for most of it. A complete antidote is Hall's Wine. Its effect is magical. It acts like a charm on the nerves, and is all the time building up the muscular system.

Sleeplessness, the result of too much mental activity, yields at once, and sweet refreshing sleep follows the taking of a glass or two.

Neuralgia, another nervous disorder, disappears at once, frequently in less than an hour.

Hall's Wine is not merely a nervine, it is a marvellous restorative after severe illness, e.g., Influenza, Enteric, Bronchitis, &c. We have thousands of testimonials from professional nurses expressing their delight at the marvellous recovery of those in their charge through Hall's Wine. It is surprising to see the immediate improvement which takes place after the first day.

Hall's Wine is no new remedy nor secret preparation; the formula is well known to medical men, who have been prescribing it for over a decade with the greatest success. Nothing is claimed for it that has not been amply proved by years of practical experience; hence its great popularity.

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GLOBE POLISH will not scratch metal, nor injure skin of user. Sold Everywhere.

Raines & Co., Ltd.,  
Tredgar Road, Bow,  
London, E., and  
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Brighten your home, and  
then your home will  
brighten you.

## POLISH

'DARTRING'

## 'LANOLINE' TOILET SOAP

THE 'Dartring' Brand  
appears on all the original genuine  
'Lanoline' Preparations.

beautifies roughened hands and faces, making the skin clear and soft. The 'Lanoline' is quickly absorbed, taking the place of the fat washed out by the soap.

Of all chemists, 6d. per cake; 1s. 6d. per box of 3 cakes  
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For Breakfast  
Lunch & Supper

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For Picnics &  
All Parties.

# OX TONGUES

of all Grocers  
Everywhere



Walter Nell, of The Grange, Wenvoe, Monmouth, brewer, who died in May last, has been proved by Edward Walter Nell and Ernest James Nell, the sons, and David Rowland Williams, the value of the estate being £43,662. The testator gives £2000, an annuity of £100, part of the household furniture, and the use, for life, of the Upper House, Wenvoe, to his wife, Mrs. Fanny Nell; £100 each to his executors; £400 to his son Edward Walter; £100 to David Rowland Williams; £100 each to his sisters Harriet Sheen, Jessie Leonard, and Marian Williams; £100 to his brother-in-law Alfred Sheen; and £200 to his brother Richard Frederick Nell. The residue of his property he leaves to his children. By the codicil of May 13 he revoked all gifts to his son Edward Walter, and directed that the devise and appointments to him should be paid to his wife Fanny.

The will (dated Dec. 6, 1900) of Mr. George Augustus Church, of Bournemouth, Horley, late manager and secretary of the London General Omnibus Company, who died on Aug. 10, was proved on Aug. 23 by Mrs. Julia Anna Church, the widow, Augustus Charles Hely Church, the son, Thomas Dixon Marr Trotter Robertson, and Josiah Wilkinson, the executors, the value of the estate being £42,188. The testator gives the household furniture to his wife; £40 per annum each to his daughters during her life; £200 to Josiah Wilkinson; £100 each to his son and T. D. M. T. Robertson; and annuities of £50 to his sister Emily Adelaide Howlett, and of £25 to his sister Amy Jane Soper. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then in equal shares to his children. Mr. Church confirms the gift, some years ago, of £17,000 to his wife.

The wills (dated April 14, 1900, and July 10, 1900), with codicil (dated April 23, 1901), of the Right Hon. Marion Aitchison-Denman, Baroness Denman, who died on Feb. 27 last, widow of the Right Hon. Thomas Aitchison-Denman, second Baron Denman of Dovedale, were proved at Edinburgh by the Venerable William Sinclair, D.D., Archdeacon of London, and Mr. Joseph Babington Macaulay, the executors. After certain small legacies, the testatrix devises her estate of Bostern Grange, Derbyshire, or the proceeds of sale, equally among the following: her brother-in-law the Hon. and Reverend Lewis Denman, her sisters-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Richard Denman, the Hon. Mrs. Joseph Denman, the Hon. Mrs. Hodgson, the Hon. Mrs. Holland, the Hon. Mrs. Beresford, the Hon. Mrs. Owen, and her nephew by marriage, Edward Ralph Serocold Skeels.

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### APPARATUS FOR COUNTRY HOUSE

#### FIRE PROTECTION.



The Merryweather  
"LONDON  
BRIGADE"  
HAND FIRE  
PUMP.

2540 out of the 4199 London  
Fires extinguished in one year  
by these pumps.

Complete (delivered free to any  
part of the Kingdom),  
**£5 5s.**

Write for Pamphlets,  
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"WATER SUPPLY TO MANSIONS."  
Complete Apparatus can be seen in action at  
MERRYWEATHERS, 63, Long Acre, W.C., London.

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## Extract of SOAP.

### The best advertisement

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Servants who owe their leisure time to its wonderful labour-saving quality swear by Borax Extract of Soap—not only for washing clothes, but for washing-up and all household scouring purposes. Mistresses who consider their servants always say: BORAX, when ordering Soap Extract, and see they get packets like this facsimile.



Sold in ½-lb. packets and dozens everywhere.

Write to-day for free packet.

Name J.L.N.

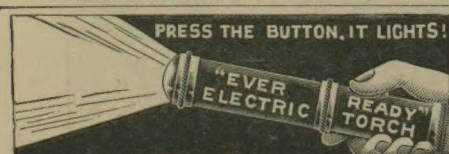
By Special  
Appointment



Makers  
to the King.

The Patent Borax Co., Ltd., Birmingham.

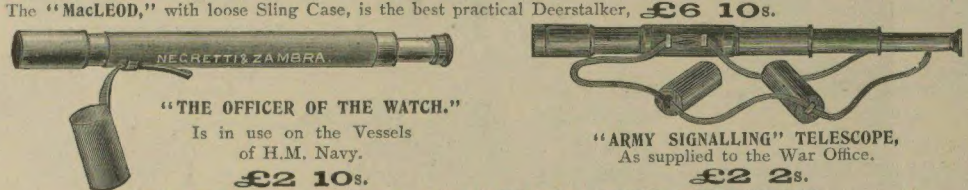
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and PAIN and WEAKNESS in the BACK, speedily relieved  
and cured by HALE'S IMPROVED ELECTRIC BELT. ONE  
and TWO GUINEAS. Medical References. Pamphlets and  
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HALE and SON, 105, REGENT STREET, W.



No wires, no acids, no liquids. **NO DANGER!** Invaluable in emer-  
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FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.  
Is the Best LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.

Prevents the decay of the TEETH.  
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.  
Is perfectly harmless, and  
Delicious to the Taste.  
Is partly composed of Honey and extracts from sweet  
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Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the world.  
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FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER only,  
Put up in glass jars, price 1s.  
Prepared only by THE ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO., Ltd.,  
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The late Earl of Beaconsfield,  
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and many other persons of distinction have testified  
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## HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

Established over a quarter of a century.  
Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world.  
It is used as an inhalation and without any after bad effects.  
A Free Sample and detailed Testimonials free by post.  
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No. 8 is the new form of TOILET  
POCKET BOOK, containing 36 Per-  
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No. 7 is the new Perfumed FACE  
HANDKERCHIEF, two dozen in  
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HOT & COLD WATER TAP  
INVENTED BY  
**LORD KELVIN**  
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LORD KELVIN'S PATENTS  
GUARANTEED FOR 3 YEARS  
NO PACKING  
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SOLD IN MANY VARIETIES BY  
PLUMBERS & IRONMONGERS,  
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Approval Carriage Free both ways. Easy terms.  
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is used by all Travellers the wide world over. No one visits the Tropics  
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When the Tropics visit us let us be equally prepared. Buy a bottle  
NOW and be sure you get the genuine. It may pay the retailer to  
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BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE** is what you want when

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**SHIRTS**  
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Extra Fine Quality Linen and Longcloth,  
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Write for Illustrated Price List and Self-  
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**Beauty**  
Can only be preserved by the use of the Natural  
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And HEAD NOISES Relieved by Using  
**WILSON'S  
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A New Scientific Invention, entirely different in  
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when all other devices fail, and where medical skill  
has given no relief. They are soft, comfortable, and  
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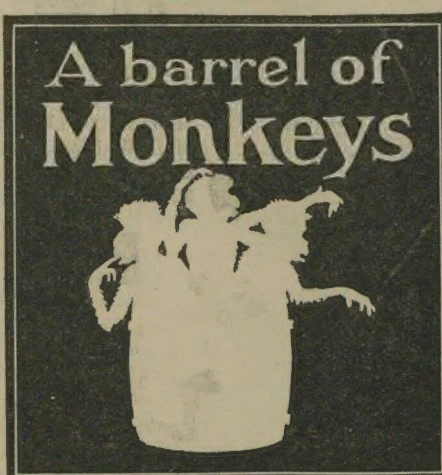
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Especially those who are not satisfied with the progress of  
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The Triumph of the Creation  
Is the creation of the Triumph.  
"The best Bicycle that British workmanship can produce."  
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This puzzle:

## FREE

for 1d. stamp to cover cost of mailing.

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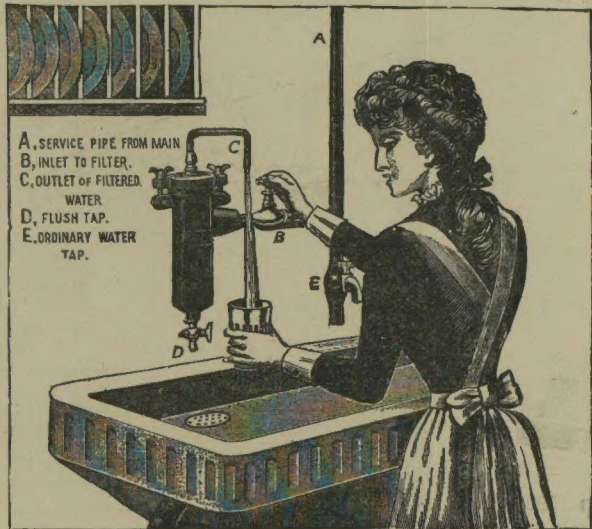
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A perfect Shower Bath  
can be taken in your  
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No splashing or wetting  
of the hair.  
Makes the body fit, stim-  
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Is also an ideal Hot Water  
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Fitted in  
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Simple in  
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"The Filters sold by The Berkefeld Filter Co., Ltd., London, W., remove all germs from water. They are thoroughly reliable appliances; they realise the ideal of the sanitarian's definition of a true filter—one which will yield a germ-free supply of water."

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satisfy the most fastidious.  
No other Corsets are com-  
parable for perfect finish  
and elegance of form.

None  
Genuine  
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These unique Corsets, worn  
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High-Class Corsets.

The "Regent" Corset  
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bust but deep over hips,  
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Is a perfect Straight-Fronted Corset of a special type.

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TO BE OBTAINED OF ALL FIRST-CLASS DRAPERS AND LADIES' OUTFITTERS.



Cocoa Economy—One pound of Suchard's  
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9d. per 4-lb. tin, 1s. 6d. per 1-lb. tin, or 2s. 10d. per 1-lb. tin.

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Plain Chocolate in Tablets.

BREAKFAST, FINE, SURFINE, & EXTRA FINE.  
For Cooking, Icing, or Drinking.

RUBY, FONDANT, DESSERT, A LA VANILLE,  
Are exquisitely smooth Eating Chocolates.

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Deliciously flavoured bon-bons—boat-shaped, each piece  
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12 CURLERS IN BOX. FREE BY POST, 8 STAMPS.  
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.

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For Cleaning, and Polishing all kinds of Cabinet Furniture.  
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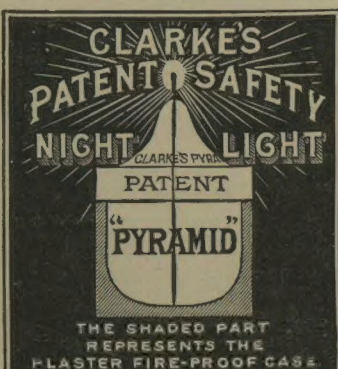
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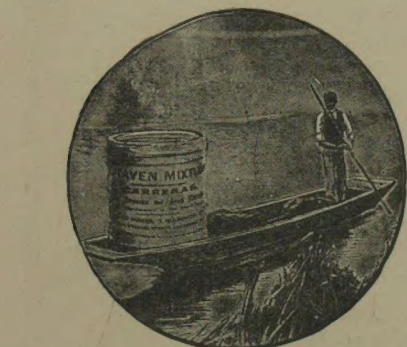
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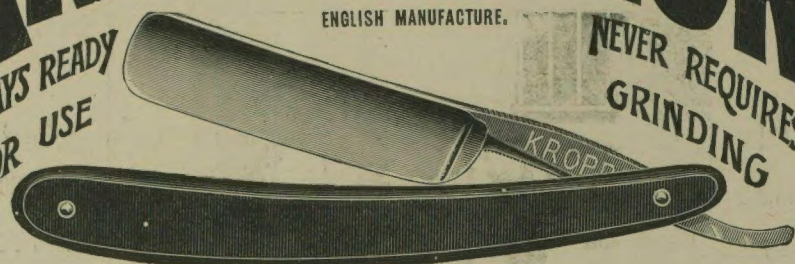
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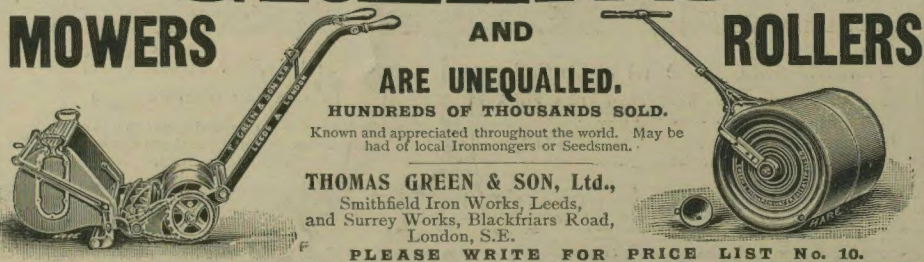
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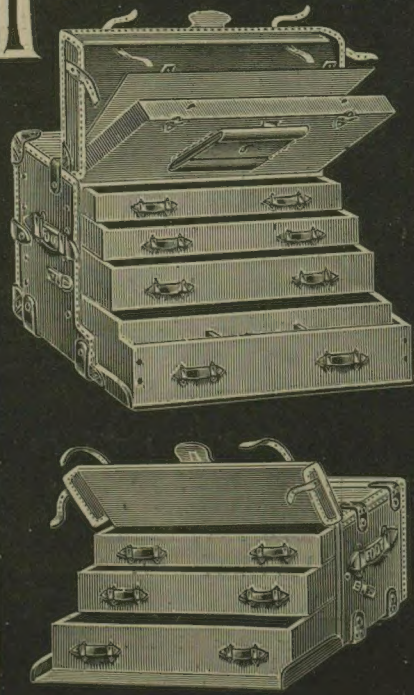
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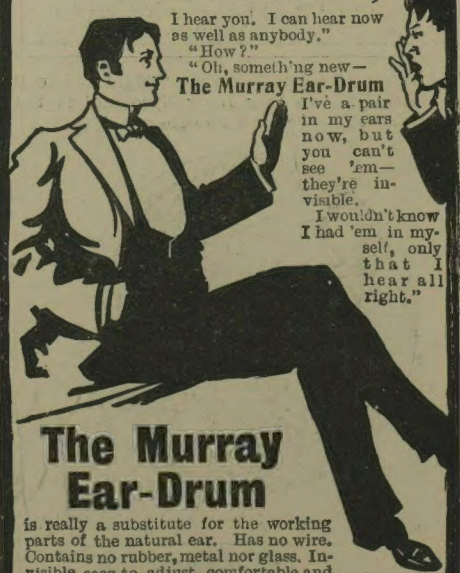
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